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Events of the Week.

ON Monday, the House of Commons passed at a single sitting the Bill which authorizes the ratification of the Peace Treaty with Germany and the Anglo-Franco-American Treaty of Alliance, and incidentally continues much of the “Dora” system by Orders in Council. There was no reason, nor even a plausible pretext, for haste. The Coalition, by this indecent handling of Parliament, is destroying whatever may be left of respect for it as an institution, and both wings of the Opposition acquiesced without a protest. Only the advocates of “direct action” can have watched this performance with satisfaction. The worst of it is, that the debate was so unreal, and intellectually so poverty-stricken, that it is hard to argue that the nation could gain much by more adequate deliberations in such a House. Both Sir Donald Maclean and Mr. Clynes poured congratulations on the Premier, and such reservations as they made were wholly perfunctory. We backed the Labor Party at the last Election, but when one finds that its official spokesman in the House makes no serious attempt to render in debate the spirit of its resolutions taken at Southport, it is hard to feel that much is at stake when it struggles for representation.

THE only utterance that rose above the low level of this debate (if we except two clever and spirited speeches from Commander Kenworthy) came from Lord Robert Cecil, who expressed doubts about the settlement of the Saar question and the Polish frontier. One feels instinctively that he meant much more than he said, but even he cannot attain direct expressive speech in this House that extinguishes personality and smothers thought. His plea for the League of Nations was a fine and sincere performance, but he ignored what is for us the most serious flaw in the Covenant—that no revision of this Treaty and no settlement of a dispute is possible without the unanimity of the Council which means the Allies only, with one neutral in nine. The Premier's defence of the separate guarantee to France

was that France is nervous, and regards the League as “an experiment.” Quite so, and we agree in this Treaty to treat the League as a negligible experiment. What he meant by calling this guarantee “provisional” we cannot guess: there is no time limit to it. On the question of conscription and reduction of armaments Mr. George was entirely non-committal, and did not even face the question why with the disappearance of the German fleet our own remains unlimited, or why with the abandonment of conscription in Germany, the rest of Europe (including it may be this country) is allowed to retain it.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE touched lightly—some might say frivolously—in Monday's debate, on the trial of the Kaiser. After pre-judging the issue by denouncing him as a “felon,” he went on to assure him of a fair trial in London. The real objection, however, is not to the venue, but to the Court. It is interesting, meanwhile, as an index of our judicial temper, that few of our newspapers printed, and none gave prominently, a letter, now published in Berlin, which the Kaiser wrote on July 28th, 1914, to the Chancellor, on receipt of Serbia's reply to the Austrian ultimatum. “Capitulation,” he wrote, “is there announced, *orbi et urbi*, and every ground for war thereby disappears.” He goes on to suggest that as a guarantee from Serbia of good faith, and as satisfaction to the Austrian Army, it should be allowed to carry out “the temporary military occupation of a part of Serbia.” Austria, however, is to be told that “there is no longer a ground for war.” The Kaiser, in short, at this moment spontaneously made Sir Edward Grey's own proposal for a limited pacific occupation of some Serbian territory. This letter goes some way to clear the Kaiser of the suspicion that he willed war steadily and in every event. There ought to be a neutral Court of Inquiry to clear up the responsibility before history; but for the Allies to try the Kaiser on the limited count of invading Belgium would settle none of the disputed history, while it would make a mockery of impartial justice.

THERE has been no indecent haste in drafting and revising the Austrian settlement, but it remains, in spite of a few trifling modifications, a monument of meanness. This unhappy little State is entirely helpless, incapable of conceiving her revenge, and so hopelessly and permanently dependent on the food supplies doled out to her, that she dare not even annoy the Entente by “going Bolshevik.” Every appetite is accordingly sated at her expense. All her neighbors take from her territory which is “indisputably” German; all combine to make her financially bankrupt, all of them, including Italy, grab her artistic treasures, while Italy commits a sin against humanity for which her statesmen deserve to be for ever branded, by claiming some of her few milch cows. It must be perfectly well known to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson that the children of Vienna are starving for want of milk, and that a whole generation is being poisoned by tuberculosis, and yet they have ratified this meanest of many predatory claims. The theory of the Entente's dealings with German-Austria appears to be that she alone among the

peoples of the late Dual Monarchy made the war, and must bear the burden. That is nonsense. The clique which really made the war was a court party, and not a racial party. It has vanished. The Slavs, however, had a majority in the Reichsrat. There were Tchech Ministers in the Government nominally responsible for the war, and the Poles of Galicia were not merely loyal, but even comparatively bellicose. On the other hand, the German Socialists, now the ruling party in Austria, throughout opposed the war.

* * *

THE territorial settlement, in spite of a few minor revisions, leaves the chief iniquities of the original Treaty standing. Mr. George, who insists that Ulster must not be regarded as an integral part of Ireland, has ignored the will of the German "Ulsters" in Bohemia and Moravia, and is forcing them into the Tchech State. The difficulty about Ulster is that it cannot easily be separated geographically from Ireland, and there is no other unit which it can naturally join. The German lands, however, on the fringes of Tchecho-Slovakia could easily be detached to join Austria or the German Republic which they adjoin.

* * *

MORE wanton still, for it has not even a warrant in history, is the annexation for strategical reasons of the purely German South Tyrol to Italy. A fresh violation of nationality for reasons of strategy appears in the revised Treaty. The Tchechs obtain not merely Pressburg (a German town), on the Danube, but also the bridgehead with Komorn on the Left Bank, thus securing the power to close the river to traffic. By way of compensation for so many injustices, the Austrians are permitted to annex the adjoining Western districts of Hungary. That is right in itself, for the population is mainly German, and also on the whole against the present Communist régime; but this sudden deviation into justice at the expense of Hungary only makes the other iniquities of the Treaty more glaring. The principle of nationality is invoked, as usual, only against an enemy, but never against an ally.

* * *

BAD as the territorial settlement is for Austria, the financial settlement is, if possible, worse. The other parts of the late Dual Monarchy are required to take over their proportionate share of its pre-war debt, though Italy, judging from the summary, seems to escape her share. But the debt incurred for this war is placed entirely on German Austria, with less than an eighth of the former population, and much less than an eighth of the wealth. There are even some humorous passages about a future indemnity to be imposed on the lines of the German Treaty, when the time is ripe. The authors of the Treaty know very well that German Austria (even if Hungary is afterwards made jointly responsible) cannot face a fraction of the war-debt, and to talk of an indemnity is farcical. What Austria must have at once is a big loan. She is hopelessly bankrupt, and is, in fact, placed unreservedly in the hands of a Reparation Commission, which will really have to act as a public receiver. With that her independence is gone and her finances come absolutely under foreign control—much to the relief, we imagine, of the little clique of financiers and clericalist courtiers in Vienna, who look to this foreign control to save them from the Socialists (moderate as these are), and from union with Germany, which is the policy of the democratic parties. In the end two or three of Austria's six million inhabitants will have to emigrate or starve.

At the beginning of last week the Council of the Yorkshire Miners' Association threatened that if the dispute in the coalfield was not settled by Peace Day, they would withdraw all the workers who had been left to keep the mines in order, including the pumpmen—a grave and lamentable extension of the normal miners' strike. The threat was unheeded by the Coal Controller, and its execution last Saturday created an industrial crisis of the most serious character. On Monday the Government, having at last grasped some of the realities of the appalling situation which they had helped to create, rushed into action. Mr. George's announcement that Naval men were being sent into the coalfield to man the pumping machinery, gave the impression that the majority of the mines were in imminent danger of destruction. Later reports from the coalfield showed that the peril was more limited than was at first supposed, and that many of the mine managers were able to keep the pumps going without the sailors, whose aid they did not desire. The action of the Miners' Council has, of course, seriously prejudiced them in the eyes of the public, and among their severest critics have been some of the miners' leaders in other coalfields. Mr. George has now intervened, and has offered a new scale of piece-work rates.

* * *

THE consequences of the strike, which caused wholesale dislocation of industry and unemployment in Yorkshire, created great public alarm. This was heightened by the action of the Government and by an avalanche of official warnings of a coal famine and of restricted public services. For the moment these things obscured the less sensational events which had produced the crisis. But a sense of perspective was recovered by the middle of the week, and the Government's own record in the matter was submitted to damaging scrutiny. Blame was cast on the men who, in a mood of resentment, had acted with extreme foolishness. But it was felt that the Government's policy of helpless drift, and their profound ignorance of the state of feeling in the industrial centres, had brought its own retribution. Negotiations on the adjustment of the piece rates, a matter which the Sankey award left obscure, had proceeded in haphazard fashion for some weeks. The Coal Controller vacillated between doubtful decisions, and some of the coal owners arrived at quite different provisional agreements with the men. Even after the Yorkshire strike was started, and angry murmurs arose in other coalfields, no serious effort was made to stem the unrest until the Yorkshiremen threw off all restraint.

* * *

THE event of the week in the war against Soviet Russia is the successful beginning of a Bolshevik counter-offensive against Denikin. Forces landed from the Caspian Sea have taken him in the rear, and his right is now in retreat. In spite of his British tanks and poison-gas, the fact probably is that as in the case of Koltchak, the population of the country which he has over-run have now seen enough of his Tsarist and counter-revolutionary tendencies to turn against him. The only real danger to the Soviet power lies now in the chance that the "White" Finns may be bribed into lending their German-trained army, under the capable Finnish soldiers who served their apprenticeship as volunteers in the German ranks, for a serious attack on Petrograd. They probably would do this willingly, but they have still reason to fear a rising of their own "Reds" behind them; some 30,000 were killed off, but more were made in the process. Lenin meanwhile is

making his peace with Roumania, on the basis of a surrender to her of Bessarabia, and we should guess that this must mean that he has reason to believe that the much-advertized offensive against Bela Kun has been countermanded. Lenin would hardly abandon his pupil unless Hungary were fairly safe. The Poles meanwhile have begun a new war (their fifth) against the Lithuanians, and news from Paris which looks authentic states that the whole of Eastern Galicia, with its Ukrainian population, has been assigned to them. Lenin can afford to bide his time: Paris and Mr. Churchill, steering straight for another Gallipoli, are doing his work for him. Finally, there is a revolt of our Russian friendlies at Archangel.

* * *

LAST week the Attorney-General threw the shield of the law over Sir Edward Carson, and on Monday the Prime Minister publicly adopted his policy. Declaring that Ireland was not one nation but two, he added that any policy of self-determination must be applied to Ulster as well as to Nationalist Ireland. This reversion to the Unionism of thirty years ago was too much even for the "Times," and on Wednesday it published *in extenso* its scheme for the reform of Irish Government. In practice it amounts to Dominion Home Rule. It follows in the main Mr. Erskine Childers's plan of two Provincial Assemblies, one for Ulster, and the rest for the three Catholic-Nationalist provinces, uniting in an All-Ireland Parliament, to which both the subordinate legislatures would make an equal numerical contribution.

* * *

THIS follows the line of the Australian and Canadian Federations, and it certainly gives Ulster all and more than all she has a right to ask. The proposal is important, is honestly thought out, and should, we think, be closely canvassed by all parties in Britain and Ireland. The difficulty will arise as to the powers of the All-Ireland Parliament. They include full powers of taxation, direct and indirect, including the right to frame commercial treaties with foreign States, subject to a reservation of free trade with Great Britain. There is to be an Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament, on the ground that defence, foreign relations, and other matters are reserved to it. We foresee trouble in the suggestion to lay upon Ireland part of the cost of the war and of the National Debt. That is a heavy handicap for a poor country entering on a career of free government.

* * *

WE are glad to see that Mr. Asquith, in a speech delivered to the members of the Free Trade Union at Plymouth, declared for the fourfold policy which we commended last week—a drastic reduction of expenditure, drastic new taxation, a return to the free import of raw material and semi-manufactured goods, and financial control by Parliament and the Treasury. This programme, should, we think, have been further defined: if, for example, we are to have more taxation, as we must have, the Liberal leaders, in barring out Protection, will have at once to decide between a crippling income-tax and a levy on wealth, preferably on war-wealth. Further, the issue of the form of the existing Government ought at once to be faced. Practically we are being ruled in peace-time without a Cabinet, without Parliament, and by a plan of loose reference to Downing Street. This is unconstitutionality in theory and chaos in practice. Why does not

Liberalism insist on a return to order in government as a means to the restoration of order in the country?

* * *

THE special courts-martial in the Punjab, after some two months of rigorous activity among hundreds of minor accused, have imposed sentences of great severity upon a number of Indian leaders charged with complicity in the disturbances last April. Mr. Harkishen Lal, whose case was summarized in these columns a fortnight ago, has been condemned, with several other prominent citizens of Lahore, to transportation for life and confiscation of property. Life sentences have also been given to two doctors at Amritsar, while a third has been condemned to death. The Reuter message recording these judgments took ten days to reach the London press. On Wednesday the Privy Council allowed the appeal of twenty-one persons condemned some weeks ago for taking part in the rioting at Amritsar, twenty others being sentenced to death. Lord Haldane explained that while expressing no opinion on the grounds of the appeal, the Court held that a scrutiny was essential in order to avoid the chances of a miscarriage of justice. Indian papers now arriving provide overwhelming evidence of the feeling aroused in every part of India by the extraordinary and continued repression; and it has become a grave question whether the Indian public can be interested in the prospect of the Reform Bill while its whole mind is taken up with the harshness of the Executive.

* * *

THE Swansea by-election result tells its own tale of a running anti-Governmental tide. A reduction of the Coalition majority of 4,730 to 1,092 in seven months, is really more significant than the figures themselves indicate when the circumstances of the contest are recalled. East Swansea remained staunchly Liberal when other industrial constituencies were swinging steadily over to Labor, and this advantage of the Coalition Liberal candidate was substantially increased when the whole influence of the Conservative party and its press was thrown against the Labor candidate, who had to fight with limited platform support, against the hostility of all the South Wales newspapers. Hero worship of the Prime Minister and appeals to anti-Bolshevist prejudice were added to misrepresentation of the Sankey Report. The miners were pilloried as a privileged class seeking their gain at the expense of the Swansea port workers. Finally, on the eve of the poll, came the announcement of the 6s. increase in the price of coal, and this was represented at the Coalition meetings the same night as an example of the disastrous effects which are to be expected from a Labor Government.

* * *

THE most significant event of the week is the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods. It has long been foreseen, and it is China's only answer to the crime which her Allies contrived against her. The whole population seems to have taken part in it. Japanese shops were looted or deserted, and their goods became unsaleable. Japanese masters lost their Chinese servants. Japanese notes were bought and destroyed, and the Yokohama Specie Bank was left with a load of useless silver on its hands. We advise the friends of China (they abound here and in America), to watch any attempt to bring force to bear on her so as to break down the boycott. Looting is, of course, quite wrong. But a passive refusal of custom may in these days be a people's chief protection against an armed Power with the character of Japan. At all events it is better than war.

Politics and Affairs.

A TREATY WITH LABOR.

IF there is truth in the old constitutional maxim that the stability of government depends on the free or the tacit assent of the governed, there would seem to be a good deal of anarchy in England. In what sense, indeed, is the country being governed at all? The maintenance of social order is, we suppose, a primal attribute of government. Yet the other day a public building was burned down by a furious mob, for the first time since 1831. We are used to the spectacle of complete disaccord between the people and the administration which we are pleased to call the "government" of Ireland. On Monday night the Prime Minister admitted the moral, almost the physical, revolt of Ireland, regretted it, declared it, in effect, to be inevitable, and passed on. In Yorkshire 200,000 miners are out, not against capital, but against the Government, and all over the country one miner out of three withholds his labor because of his disapproval of one Ministerial act or another. Both in Yorkshire and elsewhere the miners' real charge against Mr. George, and his colleagues is one of bad faith. Their indictment reads something after this fashion. "You are pledged to the Sankey report. The Sankey report promised us nationalization. You have not moved one step towards nationalization; on the contrary, your supporters in Parliament, with or without your connivance, have organized against it. You yourselves are organizing public opinion against us. The Sankey report offered us the chance of a better industrial life. Without one word to our representatives, or the trade, you hastily capitalize this into a charge of 6s. on the ton, throw the whole burden on British industry and the consumer, and the odium on us. The Sankey report recommended that we should be compensated for the restriction of hours from seven to eight by an increase in piece-rates. Your Coal Controller ultimately cuts down the increase to 10 per cent. We show you that he is wrong and you admit the error by partially (only partially) correcting your figures." It is true that a certain number of miners are striking because they loathe the Government's treatment of Russia even more than they object to its dealings with industry. But essentially the ground of quarrel is the same. The bond between a people and its Government is a moral relationship, and this is broken. The Government proclaims an all-inclusive sovereignty in the State, gathers to itself all power and responsibility, throws Parliament aside, controls labor and capital, and manages everyone's business for him. If it is to discharge these functions with success, it must give a quite extraordinary impression of honesty, knowledge, foresight, capacity, and tact. Mr. George's administration appears to have run out of its stock-in-trade in all of them.

This and not the wickedness of the workman is the root of the disorder in England. Its special danger does indeed reside in deeper moral causes than we have described. If there is violence and irrationality in working-class England, the belief that force or the direct intimidation of the State can remedy all ills, including those of the soul as well as of the body, to what other ends has the mind of the nation been continually addressed? The leaders of a nation can dedicate its soul to pity, mercifulness, consideration for others, and understanding of their "case," no less than to the pursuit of its interests and the flattery of its passions. Has the Prime Minister of England said a word about the war which was not an appeal to the country's pride, hate, or acquisitiveness,

or a stimulant of these appetites? As he sows he reaps; and if he replies that in a time of war he could have used no other form of intellectual influence, we point to the message of General Smuts in proof that there was a wide field of thought and emotion that Mr. George might have cultivated and has left bare. But we are not going to argue that the war has left the country all bad and wild, and its "heroes" all Bolsheviks, excepting an uncertain number who can be relied on to shoot workmen, as it is the pleasant fashion of our Jingoists to suggest. The country is well enough, and indeed one of its offences in the eyes of the reaction is that for the first time it is becoming alive to its full capacity for citizenship. If the mass of British men are thought good enough to die or suffer horribly in war, they are good enough to live in peace-time in liberty and sufficiency, with some little leisure and comfort, and to claim a measure of control over their own working lives and the society they are said to have saved. They say so, and they think so. And who are "they"? These much-abused railwaymen and miners were the British armies of yesterday. But when they fought in Flanders they were not more the sustainers of the State than when they were loading the trucks, or hewing and shoring up the coal seam. In peace, or in war, they still are the State, and the State's normal success in "business" merely means that it has secured the willing assent of the workmen to carry it all on. For the moment that willing assent is partially lost. Why? Allow something for the fractiousness that is merely the sediment of the war. Beyond all that there is THE DEMAND FOR THE REVISION OF THE SOCIAL CONTRACT. Capital can no longer govern alone. The Central Government cannot govern. Parliament cannot govern. Power must be divided and dispersed. The workman will no longer consent to lose all personal initiative in his daily toil; he will insist on taking his share of the creative, productive, and the managing processes; and though here there are limits, which his want of education prescribes, the joint control of industry has come to stay.

Why not? It is fresh energy to the State, and it is new stores of energy of which States are continually in need, and without which the immense drafts we have made on our existing resources and on the future earning-power of our people will crush us to the earth. But first there must be some conciliatory and reassuring process. The working-class community seethes with distrust. It has, if you please, become exacting and litigious. Some of its sectional demands tend to absorb too great a portion of the general product for certain classes of workers, or even to cripple the country's export trade, and half-starve the consumer and the "black-coated proletariat." But if we are to have an industrial settlement, it must be on the basis of a Treaty of Peace with Labor, as formal as, and, we hope more stable than that of Versailles. It seems to us full time to set the machinery of the National Conference to work, with its Joint Committees, unenforced recommendations and all, and while calling on Labor to put its shoulder to the wheel again, to assure it of our diligent search for a new general basis of industrial society. Otherwise we cannot go on without a physical struggle for mastery. Labor wants to democratize industry because it sees that if politics are democratized, and its representatives have free access to Cabinets and Parliaments and governing Commissions, the old *status* of mechanical toil and submission for the mass of the manual workers cannot continue. The application of democracy to industry may be called a revolutionary idea. But we are sure that it can be worked out constitutionally and safely.

OUR ALLY.

WHY is it that the dictator Koltchak, whose arrival at Moscow the Supreme Four supposed to be imminent two months ago, is now in full retreat towards his Siberian base? There may be some purely military reasons. The Red Army is, undoubtedly, in some of its corps at least, an efficient military machine. The real reason, however, is political. The moment that any men, however anti-Bolshevik, who have in them any understanding of democracy, come into direct contact with Koltchak, his methods and his supporters, they promptly become his opponents. That is why the Tchecho-Slovak soldiers, who in their rough way are republicans, refused to fight his battles any longer.* That, also, is why the Menshevik and Social Revolutionary deputies of the old Constituent Assembly, who were the first to raise the standard of civil war against the Bolsheviks in Siberia, not only abandoned him, but went to Moscow and made a truce (not without many reservations) with Lenin. And now an article by the Special Correspondent of the "Petit Parisien" with Koltchak's armies reveals the secret frankly. "Among the administrative, and especially among the military personnel," he writes, "are people who understand a revival of power only as a return, pure and simple, to the system of oppression of Tsarism." They "flog or shoot without trial," he continues, "persons rightly or wrongly held by them to be suspect," and the result is that the peasants and the soldiers who witness or suffer these abuses, begin to suffer from "a tiresome uncertainty as to the utility of replacing the men of the Soviets by masters who are worth no more." The unhappy correspondent is trying timidly to convey his meaning. In plain words Koltchak's soldiers desert from him, and the peasants rise against him at the first approach of a Soviet army. And this they do, because they have learned by experience that the triumph of Koltchak would mean the restoration of Tsardom.

These things we have long known in a general way. The evidence was ample, but across the great distance and the censor's curtain it usually reached us in an unimpressive form. At length we have in adequate length and detail, from a competent witness, a full narrative of what the Koltchak system is. The "New Republic" (July 9th) has published under the title of "The Rise of a new Russian Autocracy," a final and decisive revelation from the pen of Dr. Joshua Rosett. His qualifications are undoubted: he was sent out to Siberia by the official American "Committee on Public Information"; he speaks Russian well; he is evidently a good observer, and partly in work for the War Trade Board, partly under the Red Cross, he had during a nine-months' stay in Siberia every opportunity for observing events and opinions before and after Koltchak's *coup d'état*. He is, moreover, no admirer of Bolshevism, which he regards as "an historical soap-bubble." His summary of that ruler's performances may be quoted at once:—

"Koltchak . . . whom I have seen break up a democratic government in Siberia with a ruthlessness of a Tartar conqueror; who has suppressed free speech and free press; who has either jailed or exiled or murdered every member of the Russian Constituent Assembly upon whom he could lay his hands; and who caused the opponents of his rule of the fist to be tortured and killed."

*After his *coup d'état* the "Russian Division of the Tchecho-Slovak National Council" issued on November 21st, 1918, a resolution in which it said that their army "which is fighting for the ideals of liberty and the self-government of nations, cannot and will not co-operate or sympathize with a violent change which is perpendicularly opposed to such ideals."

He tells his story well and insists that we shall first visualize Vladivostok and Eastern Siberia as he found it in October, 1918. The Soviet had been upset by the Tzecho-Slovaks, and its members interned (which Dr. Rosett, as a strong anti-Bolshevik, accepts as natural and proper). Thereupon, an elected Zemstvo (County Council) took over the administration. Its officials "worked like beavers," and "a strong democratic system of government was gradually emerging." The various Siberian Zemstvos were forming a federal organization: ninety members of the original Constituent Assembly had assembled, and this Convention had elected a Directorate of five which was organizing an administration at Omsk. Siberian Bolshevism had been of a very moderate brand, and its brief term of power, followed by a prompt return to the Zemstvo system, caused little bitterness. The people, we are told, were hopeful and they were building up something not unlike American political democracy, though with more public ownership of common services.

Dr. Rosett then describes how the news of Koltchak's *coup d'état* of November, the dissolution of the Convention, and the arrest of the elected Directorate, all through the action of the army, gradually reached Vladivostok. He had heard of Koltchak already, from an ex-priest turned officer. This man had been sent from France to start a propaganda for the restoration of the autocracy—not, however, in the person of a Romanoff.

"There is but one man in Russia who is strong enough to meet the situation. He is known to be faithful to the Holy Greek Catholic religion, and he alone can be depended upon to purge the sacred ground of Russia of Jews, Poles, Bolsheviks, infidels, and foreigners."

The Strong Man, of course, was Mr. Churchill's friend, Koltchak. His emissary presently appeared at Vladivostok, and placards all over the town announced that a certain self-appointed Council of Ministers had decided "to hand over temporarily the highest governmental power to Admiral Alexander Koltchak, attaching to him the title of *Supreme Ruler*." There followed a statement from his Supremacy over his own signature: "*This day I have taken Chief Command of All the Power of the Land and Sea of Russia.*" The people of the town were aghast, and Dr. Rosett records their naïve expressions of horror and their forebodings of bloodshed. Next, there followed the solemn publication of articles of the Criminal Code which conveyed to Koltchak all the attributes of the old Autocrat. Anyone guilty of an attempt against the Supreme Ruler, or "of a violent attempt at the overthrow or change of the existing order of government, or at the separation or secession of any part of the Russian territory shall suffer the punishment of death." The punishment for any insult by word of mouth, in handwriting, or in print, against the Supreme Ruler was imprisonment. Finally, came a truly Oriental Holy-Russian touch:—

"Paragraph 329 of the Code of Criminal Corrective Punishments.—Any person guilty of the conscious non-fulfilment of an order by the Supreme Ruler is subject to the punishment of being deprived of all rights and confinement to hard labor for a term of from fifteen-twenty years."

Admiral Koltchak, one perceives, was busily "making democracy safe."

These terse paragraphs were soon followed by suitable action. The Supreme Ruler's Commander ordered (while suppressing meetings) that anyone guilty of propaganda against the Autocrat was at once to be delivered up to a field court-martial. Four members of

the elected Directorate were exiled to China, and "the English General Knox detailed several English soldiers to act as guards for the prisoners." The elected Zemstvo ventured to issue a solemn resolution against all these doings, protesting against "the restoration of the autocracy in any form," but the soldiers of the English General Knox were there to prevent action.

Then followed a sort of election at Vladivostok for the Zemstvo. The list of candidates had to be submitted for the approval of Koltchak's Commissioner. He struck off a number of names. The people protested by boycotting the poll. Only 4,000 votes were cast, as against 35,000 in the previous year. Meanwhile, at Omsk, "every known or suspected malcontent was branded as a Bolshevik and arrested accordingly, including the members of the Constituent Assembly. An attempt at a rising against Koltchak was made near Omsk, and as the official proclamation put it, "the Supreme Ruler ordered the merciless execution of all persons who attempted to create disturbances."

"The simple words of the telegram do not begin to tell the story. The reader may know that the Omsk district is one of the coldest inhabited spots of the world. The December of 1918 was one of the coldest on record. Koltchak's men made use of this fact; they stripped the rebels and drove them naked through the streets until in agony they confessed the names and hiding-places of their leaders. They were then placed in rows and shot, and their frozen bodies piled into freight cars. Protruding arms and legs were severed with a blow of the axe. The cars were pulled out of town and the bodies dumped in heaps to wait for the spring."

One of the alleged "Bolsheviki" who were thus done to death was a leader of the Russian Co-operative movement, Mr. Meiske, well known to us during his long stay in London, who was, as we imagine most if not all of Koltchak's victims were, a member of the most moderate Social-Democrat "Menshevik" group.

In spite of the revision of the list of candidates for the Vladivostok Zemstvo, and the abstention of seven-eighths of the electorate, two obnoxious persons did contrive to get elected. Koltchak's Commissioner promptly ordered their removal from the list of elected members, "from a legal standpoint," as he put it, "because of their Bolshevik sympathies." The said sympathies simply meant, as Dr. Rosett says, "that the men in question had no sympathy for Koltchak." In vain did the Mayor protest. Shortly after, a convention of the Siberian Zemstvos met at Vladivostok, primarily to discuss ways and means of restoring the economic life of the country, which was rapidly going to pieces under the peculations of the Supreme Ruler's friends. Two telegrams were read to this Convention from Koltchak's Minister of the Interior, of which one ordered that "all political questions must be eliminated from the delegates' reports," and the other ran thus:—

"I forbid your discussing questions of the construction of government, and other political questions of a similar character."

The Conference had the spirit to protest. It passed a series of resolutions against the "abridgement of the people's rights," and for a restoration of the Government and the Siberian Constituent Assembly which Koltchak had dissolved. The most notable resolution, however, was the following:—

"The Conference cannot be silent concerning the sad results of the interference of foreign forces, aiding the influence of small groups, which have no support from the masses of the population. Such action can only help to bring back Bolshevism and to delay the moment of the country's reunion."

We have read many protests against foreign intervention

in Russia from leaders of Russian parties in Russia, who were opposed to the Bolsheviks. Some of them were weighty and impressive, but this protest, adopted by a Conference of the elected delegates of the Siberian Zemstvos, is by far the most decisive of them all. If the language is restrained, one must remember that it was drafted in spite of an order from the Supreme Ruler, who punishes "conscious" disobedience to his orders by fifteen years' hard labor. Here is a formal request to refrain from meddling from the elected representatives of that very portion of Russia which we suppose ourselves to be supporting and defending:

We lack the space to give Dr. Rosett's narrative in full. The rest of it consists chiefly of little thumb-nail sketches of Koltchak's officers and officials—the men described by the "Petit Parisien's" correspondent. One meets a Cossack officer who declares that all the members of the Constituent Assembly were dogs who ought to be shot dead (eight did meet that fate). Then we have a description of the murder of a railwayman by Cossacks for giving "rather free expression to his opposition to the new régime"; next comes the kidnapping of five leading citizens and the discovery of the dead bodies in the brushwood. It was the commandant of the town who told the story: he knew who the murderers were but dare not touch them. "Were the murdered men Bolsheviks?" asked Dr. Rosett. "Whoever is murdered nowadays is a Bolshevik," answered the commandant. A little later, as a Red Cross official, Dr. Rosett was trying to find decent quarters for about 600 prisoners, among whom typhus had broken out. Fifty were accused of Bolshevism and twenty-five of petty civil offences, but the rest were "perfectly innocent people." The cavalry officer who guarded them proposed to deal expeditiously with the difficulty. "Let me have the entire damned lot of those 600 dogs, and if you only say the word, you have my assurance that within 24 hours there will be neither sick nor well among them." It seems an effective way of stamping out typhus.

We have summarized Dr. Rosett's story (sacrificing, unfortunately, its vigorous, convincing, well-told detail) because, although all the salient facts are well known from other sources, this consecutive narrative has a documentary value which none of the earlier news possessed. We make no comment, but we invite our readers to ask themselves candidly what value they now attach to the Supreme Ruler's promises, which seem to have satisfied the Four in Paris, that he will summon a Constituent Assembly in Moscow. We trust, he will never get there, in spite of the aid of our tanks, our poison gas, and our blockade. But if he does, is anyone so simple as to believe that his Assembly can be honestly elected, or will be free to act if it should meet? This man is plainly an adventurer who proposes to found a dynasty for himself, and to revive the cruelties and the oppressions of the old Tsardom. Without our aid he would have been utterly powerless, for he has a solid population against him. Mr. Lloyd George has more than once given signs that he dimly perceives the enormity of the policy into which he has drifted. Labor and Liberalism outside the House perceive it with growing anger. The time has come for the Liberal leaders, if they would retain a vestige of the party's loyalty, to speak firmly, publicly, and boldly against this infamous intervention. It is not a case for rousing the country against the most wicked enterprise in which it has ever in our time been involved. Let Mr. Asquith speak as General Smuts has spoken. "Leave Russia alone, remove the blockade, adopt a policy of friendly neutrality, and Gallo-like impartiality to all factions."

TAX THE PROFITEER.

THE comparative failure of the "Victory Loan" brings the financial condition of the country straight before all thinking men. That situation is desperate. Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain have both specifically declared that never again will the British Government offer such good terms to investors. But if with such terms the British Government can only raise a quarter or a third of what it requires, how, in the future, is it going to raise an increased sum by the offer of terms less good? With all the extravagance of advertisement, the existence of large free-money made by profiteering and (towards the end) the obvious pressure placed upon the banks to subscribe sums which represented in fact inflation, it has only been able to obtain some four hundred and fifty millions of cash. Against this it has to set an acknowledged deficit of over two hundred and fifty millions on this year's budget, leaving less than two hundred millions to deal with Treasury Bills of over twelve hundred millions, quite apart from the inflation and consequent rise in prices created by an enormous creation of paper money in the form of currency notes. Indeed, the day after the Loan had closed, the British Dye Stuffs Corporation asks for two and a half millions of preference shares at seven per cent. and two and a half millions of preferred ordinary shares of a minimum of eight per cent. To each of these the Government itself has already subscribed nearly a million, and to the Corporation itself it has promised high protection for its products, and every other advantage that a Government can give. It is, in fact, practically a Government flotation for which, and under like conditions before the war, any desired millions might have been obtained at less than four per cent. And its issue at such a price and at such a time denotes a definite landmark in the race towards financial ruin.

It is quite evident, therefore, that all the old easy financial and orthodox principles must be re-examined in the light of a situation at once unprecedented and dangerous. The financial situation after the war should excite as much alarm and call for methods as drastic as the military situation during the war. None of the old peace arguments apply. None of the old objections are valid. It is not a question of whether equilibrium can be restored without inconvenience or with justice between classes or between different members of the same class. It is a question whether, even with inconvenience and obvious inequalities of sacrifice, equilibrium can be restored at all. At the centre of the problem, hard and impenetrable, lies the question of dead-weight war debt, and the interest which must be paid on it. That interest, with a sinking fund, has been represented by Mr. Chamberlain in a normal year (and he does not expect to get down to a normal year for many years to come) as some four hundred millions of pounds. Outside and beyond this is the field of possible extravagance and of possible retrenchment. Against much of that extravagance, especially the wild expenditure on military forces, all Liberal parties must embark on a campaign of protest.

But much of that expenditure on Government service must, of necessity, increase in conformity with the new demands of the age for the removal of poverty from the heart of the Empire. The idea that through any kind of retrenchment, any post-war Government could reduce its ordinary yearly expenses to anything approaching its pre-war budget, can be dismissed from practical politics. It will require all the effort of the most rigid post-war economy to limit the cost to even twice that amount. And this four hundred millions is

added to the debt; four hundred millions represents a burden greater than industry can continue to bear.

What remains? An increase of taxation is essential. But an increase of indirect taxation, that is of taxation of the poor, is impossible. The country has reached the limit in the matter of prices which it will stand, and any further rise in them would precipitate revolution. What about direct taxation? Professor Pigou, a sane and trustworthy witness, estimates that in lack of other sources of supply, and with the excess profits tax disappearing, the income-tax and super-tax will have to be raised permanently to double the present rates. But such an increase can only have a paralyzing effect upon production. Not only would automatic saving which increases capital be largely destroyed, but the incentive to additional effort in order to produce additional income, especially in the lower ranks of income-earners, would be insufficient. Under Professor Pigou's prophecy the extra effort which raises an income from £2,500 to £3,000 a year would be mulcted of no less than sixteen and eightpence in the pound, from £3,000 to £4,000 of seventeen shillings. "It seems impossible to doubt," he concludes, "that these tremendous rates—tremendous even on additions to relatively low incomes—must clearly check enterprise. The gain left as a reward for success in risky undertakings would be so small that many who would otherwise have ventured out of the beaten track will no longer think it worth while to do so."

Considerations such as these are driving more and more men every day into conviction that only the heroic course of a general levy on wealth can meet the necessities of the situation. This policy of a levy on wealth suffers a little from the titles under which it has been advocated. It has been advocated among the working people as a "conscription of wealth," and thus found much acceptance amongst those who have experienced a conscription of life and demand an equality of sacrifice of blood and treasure. But among those who possess wealth such a title suggests something hostile and predatory. It is the revolutionary thirst for "plunder," by no means to be assuaged by a particular expedient designed to meet an unprecedented situation. Its more scientific advocates term it a levy on capital, disregarding the fact that there is much wealth which they mean to include in the levy which is not in the economic sense capital at all, as, for example, land, and that also of all forms of wealth the capital which is wealth put to reproductive use is the kind whose diminution they have the greatest desire to avoid. What is really advocated is a steeply graduated levy on all those forms of wealth which normally come under the survey of the Inland Revenue upon the death of the owner, with exemption for the small fortune; with conditions for the spreading of payment over a term of years among those who are conducting trade and industry, or whose wealth consists largely of goodwill; with perhaps favorable terms for wealth lent to the Government in its various war loans; and with the preliminary levy, and certainly a higher levy, upon fortunes made since the beginning of the war.

The arguments for this last levy on profiteering are irresistible, and the answers ineffective. To say that part of this money has already been dissipated and cannot, therefore, now be obtained, is no reason for not obtaining that which has not been dissipated. To plead, as Mr. Chamberlain pleaded last week, that some profiteers would escape because they had no banking accounts before the war, or that others have put their booty into such things as diamonds, pearls, and old furniture, is merely the dust and sand of financial controversy. Pearls, diamonds, and old furniture are not

only the most appropriate but the easiest form of wealth to exact in a general wealth levy, being wealth that cannot be destroyed and wealth that adds nothing to the reproductive capital of the country. With good will on the part of the Inland Revenue, and a drastic penalty by legislation for deceit or deliberate evasion, there would appear to be no difficulty in the vast majority of cases in estimating the difference between the wealth of any individual in 1913 and the wealth of the same individual to-day. According to some prominent authorities, such as Dr. T. S. Stamp, the total amount of that new war wealth amounts to as much as five thousand millions, and that although the amount of savings every pre-war year was never computed at more than about four hundred millions. If this be so, here is an enormous subject suitable for a wealth levy before commencing to deal with savings accumulated before the war.

These and other figures should be the subject of close scrutiny during the next few months. And it would be premature to fix upon any cut-and-dried scheme in regard to the limit of exemption, the rate of the levy, and the amount to be raised by it. But the bedrock fact remains. Apart from the debt owing to America, the whole nation has guaranteed to pay to some of the nation seven thousand million pounds, with a high interest until that amount is paid. The sooner the amount is paid the sooner the interest ceases. Until the amount is paid, no financial stability or equilibrium is possible. It should be the duty of all to accept that burden and liquidate as soon as possible as much as possible in proportion to the amount of possession which each has gained through the war, or to which the war's sacrifices have given security.

OLYMPIAN WARFARE.

FAILING a real League of Nations, a more sensible way than raising armies and settling disputes by killing at the million rate would clearly be that of Jimmy Wilde and Pal Moore last week at the Olympia. It has, too, the sanction of antiquity, and now that boxing for large sums is a going business concern, with cinema rights and big dividends, it has also the sanction of respectability. The affair at the Olympia was a fairly decent symbolic representation of war, not bloodless, but without loss of life; well staged in the smoky Olympia with tremendous limelight effects, expert writers, a great deal of money in the show, and a vast audience of comfortable onlookers. There were rules to be observed laid down by the fistic Hague Convention, and they were broken, just as in real warfare. Wilde is the best boxing man in the world for his size. The idea of someone of the same weight being able to fight Wilde belongs to the unthinkable, like the idea of establishing a new private bank. Moore, the American boxer, was reported to be sixteen pounds heavier, but after the match it was said that he had only twelve pounds superiority. But these are dark matters. Great boxers are as sensitive as middle-aged men about their weight. Each man was supported on the night by a formidable representation of his nation. Wilde had with him a large and tuneful body of Welsh miners and a picked company of Cardiff shipowners, who sang perhaps less tunefully, but as well as they could. The song was, of course, "Land of Our Fathers," and the language Welsh. There was an undoubted thrill through the hall, although thrills had been common that night, when the thick little men, pouring from all sides round the platform at the end, raised their voices in the old hymn of nationality. That was the thanksgiving service after the victory. The Americans there were General Pershing and many of his soldiers, and the more solid side of the Savoy Hotel.

Then there were the Prince of Wales, many lords and other Englishmen of all degrees and standards, and there was more evening dress than at the opera. Here and there were carefully dressed women, which aroused much talk among the Dominion soldiers, for overseas women are not allowed at boxing matches. At the end of the hall was a vast fragment of some scenery left over from a former show, displaying *Nôtre Dame* in flames.

That was the setting. The boxing itself has been described in the daily press too well and lengthily for my feeble pen. Wilde is small, almost like a jockey, with the sort of face—grave and rather pleasant, sometimes like a child, sometimes like an old man—that people used to call "old-fashioned." He has a sidelong glance, and rarely looks his man straight in the face, although his gift is hitting his man very straight with his wonderful left. His arms are long, and he is very sparing with his right; but when he uses it you hear an "Ah!" go through the hall. Something seemed to be wrong with his right this time, and it was his failure to get home with it in the eighth round that led his friends to say that Jimmy was not what he was. Whatever may be said in the boxing papers, the object of each man was to smash or hammer the other into insensibility. Failing that, the object was to win on points, which are estimated on a complex system of calculating hits, but in practice, especially in a twenty-round match, there is rarely any difference between the referee's decision and the judgment of the public.

What troubled Wilde's friends generally was the nature of the surprise that the American had prepared for him. It is generally taken that Americans bring more brains into their sports than Englishmen, and that with them there is usually a surprise. Fairly soon in the match it was seen that Moore was hitting with the front of his hand, slapping in fact. The advantage of this is that the heavy padding is on the back of the glove, and you can do many things with the palm that you can't do with the back. There were outcries from the spectators and then Moore was cautioned by the referee. Rightly or wrongly the Americans are believed to take the view more strongly than the English sportsman that sport is war. The second surprise came about the middle of the fight. Moore had been hard pressed and Wilde was scoring freely. Suddenly things changed. Moore let loose a sort of tornado. This was done by jumping with both feet on the boards, making a great noise, sending in a hurricane of blows left and right as hard as he could swing them, and hissing loudly with his mouth. The belief was that these effects were to represent thunder and lightning and a rainstorm, the whole phenomenal disturbance being intended to break down the nerves of his opponent. It was nicely calculated for the last fifteen seconds of the round, for no one could keep it going long. The bell brought relief to them both; Moore went back panting to his corner, and Wilde, who had taken the whole thing with his head down and all the cover he could get, blinked a little and hoped for better weather in the next round. Moore repeated the tornado three times.

In the first eight rounds Wilde kept piling up points, and Moore was covering himself as well as he could. After that, Moore's confidence came, or his plan of action reached a further stage. He boxed freely and began to have a half share in the hitting. So it went on till Wilde's lip was cut, and then Moore rubbed the skin off the bridge of his nose. This was rather critical. The blood troubled Wilde's sight and Moore began hurricane tactics, and it looked like his win. At the end of each round Wilde had his nose painted with some solution, and he came on with a clean face. Moore quickly made it bleed again, and Wilde lost much of his pace and skill. At the end of the nineteenth round, the Welshmen gave a sigh of relief, for they thought their man had got through the worst of it. They were right, and Moore was rather lucky not to have been knocked out in the last round, for Wilde seemed to do anything he liked with him. However, Wilde failed with his right-hand hitting, and the knock-out that the hall expected did not take place. The twentieth round

closed and the referee in the din pointed to Wilde, and that was the end of it—all but the thanksgiving service in Welsh.

I think as an epilogue this conversation, overheard in one of the stands, ought to be given:—

"What are they cheering so much for?"

"Why, don't you see, it's the Prince of Wales."
"I see that all right, but what are they cheering themselves black for?"

"Why, don't you see, the Prince of Wales is 'ere. Police won't come interfering now, and it's all right."

SPECTATOR.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

THE TRIUMPH OF PROHIBITION.

If America's street architecture may be deemed a joyous commentary on her civilization, the prohibitionist movement is beyond all doubt to be regarded as a stern corrective to its decay. It may be called premature, Utopian in its method, oppressive in its manner. But it seemed to me a clear example of the working of the American race-consciousness. Let no one doubt the long and serious preparation which led up to the constitutional amendment of December 18th, 1917, and to its ratification by forty-five States in the Union out of forty-eight. It is technically true to say that the act is a purely representative one, and that the people have given it no "plebiscitary" sanction. But the plea has little substantial worth. Over fifty years of agitation lie behind a decision which has broken up the fading lines of contention between Democrats and Republicans and taken from both parties a majority of more than two to one in favor of Prohibition. Still less is it true to say that the victory was stolen behind the bodies of the soldiers; before the war began over 60 per cent. of Americans were living under "dry" law. On this issue, as a shrewd party leader, unfavorable to Prohibition, said to me, American politics have been "de-dramatized." An appeal was made, not to the old personal or party loyalties, but to the public spirit of the people. The hostile forces in Congress were worn down by having exhibited to them a moving picture of the march of Prohibition and of the great material benefits that had accompanied it. The campaigners seized the American conscience of a great social evil, and then brilliantly advertised the cure. "Three things made Prohibition—Puritanism, Westernism, and Efficiency," said a close, critical observer of the fight. But the fighters were not mere fanatics, and the foe was no phantom. Not one of the public men I interrogated had a good word for the saloon. It was impressed on me that the bad odor in which it stood forbade the sensible compromise of retaining the lighter beers. "We cannot trust it," was the answer. "The saloon must go. It corrupts our politics, enfeebles our stock, and stains our womanhood."

THE ANTI-SALOON MOVEMENT.

To a casual visitor the American saloon, with its male attendants, well-clothed and well-trained, has an air of almost dull sobriety in comparison with the riot of our public-house. But there is abundant witness to its ravage. The society of the small town, notably of the coastal population of New England was pictured to me as seriously demoralized by drink. The national yearly consumption of alcohol per head—22.19 gallons of all liquors and wines in 1907, with a fall in 1916, under partial prohibition, to 16.40—was extremely high. In face of such figures, medical, official, and industrial opinion gradually hardened in hostility. The United States Census of 1910 put 10 per cent. of the insanity down to alcohol. Nearly all the railways began to discriminate against drinkers; great employers, such

as Rockefeller and Ford, weeded them out of their shops and factories whenever they could be traced. The nation, in fact, was growing teetotal under a hundred influences. I prophesy that when the American soldier tells his full story of the prolonged liquor carnival of London, they will be more potent still. No American statesman, prohibitionist or anti-prohibitionist, dared have given "the trade" such a permit as the British Government presented it with this month; he would have been out of office in a week and a back number in politics for the rest of his career. Many American publicists distinguish between temperance and prohibition. But produce your proof of a slide to race-degeneracy, and they will treat the drink question as the Anti-Saloon League treats it. The Bishop of Hereford sneers at the intellectual quality of the war on alcohol. I should have said that it had enlisted most of the best minds in America.

NO COMPENSATION.

Just because the conviction has been so deep and fervid, the remedy, working in the quick American soil, has been so drastic, so crude if you will. The demand for compensation was treated much in the spirit of Emerson, when he thundered against compensating the slave-owner. It was hardly considered. In spite of her individualism America is not so firmly anchored as we are to the idea of the immanent and eternal rights of property. The trade would get a few months' law—time to put its house in order—and that was consideration enough. The mobility of American business—the ease with which a man transfers his energy and his plant from one kind of trading to another—did the rest. The dealer in "hard drinks" must turn his mind to the selling of "soft" ones. And he did. It seems certain that America will rise from her job of stamping on the liquor trade unweighted with a serious problem of unemployment.

THE SUCCESS OF PROHIBITION.

The proof that a nation of one hundred million people can do without alcohol is not, I think, complete. Human nature is not finally exhibited in a few months or years of contagious enthusiasm. It is clear that partial prohibition has not stopped drinking. Most of the local reports I have seen admit a continuing percentage of the old returns of drunkenness and alcoholism, and the familiar story of State legislation in America affirms that conclusion. That was inevitable. A "dry" town could always slyly resort to its "wet" neighbor, as Washington to Baltimore. But there is no gainsaying the harvest of material good that the reformers gathered from their reaping. The moment a town or a county or a state went dry the Anti-Saloon League began to feel its pulse and report its abounding social health. Bank deposits, the purchase of food, dry goods, children's needs, all bounded up. The hotels boomed with the rest. Jails began to empty, and new schools to open. Take this report from Idaho. In December, 1915, the saloon doors closed, and a drastic prohibition law came into effect. The use of all

intoxicants, save pure alcohol for medicinal or industrial purposes, was forbidden. Its mere possession was made unlawful and heavily punished. Reaction from such a law of Draco seemed inevitable. It never came. Within ten months of the edict the constitutional amendment for prohibition was carried by a vote of three to one, and the trade, which had dictated the politics and named the officials of the State, could not claim one of the thousand office-seekers for federal, State, county, or local positions. Why? Chiefly because of the wave of "good business" that followed the shift from "wet" to "dry." The change was most marked in Boise, the capital city, where "the trade" was strongly entrenched. For the first time in its history manual workers and clerks began to exchange their pay checks for purchases in the stores. Debtors became creditors; cash transactions grew rapidly; the returns of businesses went up 10, 15, 30 per cent.; and the deposits in the six banks increased by 42 per cent. Quite as remarkable was the way in which the crime-machinery eased off. Arrests for drunkenness fell from 135 in the first four months of 1915 to 23 in the first four months of 1916; arrests for vagrancy almost ceased. One jail was emptied for the first time in 36 years, another for the first time in its history, and the Justices of the Peace sat for months with hardly a criminal case to try. A friend of the "wets" summed up their losing case as follows: "The saloon is gone for ever, there can be no argument for its return; the only humiliating thing is that the fools and fanatics and cranks were right, and we were wrong."

Idaho and Boise are not America, but the incessant rolling back of the "wet" forces which has gone on since the century opened could hardly have been accomplished unless their case had been fairly typical. Take Arkansas. In one generation it has changed from licence to no-licence, the licensed counties dwindling with each election from 46 to 12 and finally disappearing. Now, with trade booming, and the blazon of crime and poverty fading away, the Anti-Saloon League can report that "in no part of the State could a respectable minority vote be polled for the return of the saloon." Seattle and Detroit are examples of the greater hiving-centres where prohibition governs a mass of new wealth and energy and seems to stimulate it. The last Year-Book of the Anti-Saloon League could report over 30 Governors of States as "on record" for the "dry" propaganda; and over 89 per cent. of the total area of government as under "no-licence."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Thus far moral enthusiasm, marching to one of the greatest triumphs in its history. Its advance is stained, say its enemies and many perfectly fair critics, with intolerance, and is a blow at human nature. Obviously it is a check, a bit in the mouth of the average easy-going man. Starting with no conviction of the essential rationality of Prohibition, I found myself attracted to its benevolence, as well as startled by the great surface of refined thinking and living which the movement had captured in its swift but by no means erratic course. Its weakness is discernible; though the workman's view is by no means to be gauged by the protest of the Federation of Labor, one does not feel sure that labor, as a whole, is really acquiescent. The workman is not a Puritan, and when he happens to be of European origin, he has the beer-drinking or the wine-drinking habit, usually in moderation. If henceforth he must walk through life dreamless and opened-eyed, unsolaced by his favorite spell-binder, some new door of

hope and imagination must open to him, or there will be a cry of injury and revolt. Middle-class morality, the prudent code of physical self-denial in exchange for worldly success, the dollars of the great capitalist, and the pressure of the great employers, have mingled with race pride and refinement, and the ardor of an impulsive asceticism. The human animal, driven too fast, has shy corners to retreat to, queer solaces for the loss of forbidden appetites. A recent observer of prohibition in Canada found evidence, which he retailed to me, of much resort to secret drinking and to vile and even murderous substitutes for beer and whisky. He and others thought prohibition inapplicable to the greater American cities, and prophesied evasion. When the officials found the law was being dodged on a sufficiently wide scale, they would cease to try and enforce it.

REACTION?

But he and they frankly gave up the smaller towns and the farmers. They would stay prohibitionist; for them the reign of alcohol was over. But that looks like a final conquest. Prohibition has enlisted science, business, religion, and that typical American compound, business-religion, the teacher, the doctor, the enthusiast. To their call answers a new veteran army of social workers which has fought and put its enemy to flight in all but three American States. Whatever happens to a wavering East, the concord of the West and the South (the latter based on the determination to keep whisky and the negro apart) makes a return to liquor almost impossible. A three-fourths majority of States is needed for undoing the constitutional amendment. Where is it to be found? Nor can I conceive a serious moral reaction arriving unless the spiritual stuff of America undergoes a change which would resemble a deterioration. Later America seems led by the smaller urban unit; the force of political evangelism derives from there. And her climate—or a good deal of it—appears to frown on alcohol. Even the stranger, after a few weeks' sojourn, finds his palate turning from its solace and satisfied with iced-water, and some variety or another of the scores of pleasant confections of the candy store or the druggist's counter. The storing and connoisseurship of wine are not reckoned among the polite arts of American society; and wine and spirits have long ceased to figure conspicuously on the tables of the hotel dining-room. America is not a leisured people to anything like the extent that we are. Incomparably the greatest of the "business" nations, she makes also a continuous preparation for being greater still. She is "all in" for the race; we are not. She may change; waver; soften; broaden; deepen. But she will not coarsen. Her people will reach after the personal refinement which is their pride, and her new builders will continually take on new gradations of shape and color from their Puritan model.

H. W. M.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

MANY a Liberal and democrat will have read General Smuts's parting address with the feeling that if that language had only been spoken in their party's name, the war might have had a very different close. It is a great political testament, but it is something more. It is about the only appeal to the spirituality of our people that has been made by any of their leaders since the materialism of the war got hold

of them. That the feeling which inspired this moving document was genuine and profound I have no doubt whatever. Smuts labored tremendously and consistently for a right issue, with Russia no less than with the Central Powers, and he did not desist when Mr. Wilson proved inadequate to the task of writing the Fourteen Points into the Treaty. He failed, and his actual signature of the Treaty must have been appended with grave personal doubt. Having been given, it only remained for him to leave this word of admonition and of guarded hope. It will, I think, sink deep into thousands of hearts. But there is no reason to suppose that its author's striking talent and personality have been permanently withdrawn, or that South Africa will henceforth be the only theatre for their display. Who knows? Great changes are at hand in the structure of the Empire, no less than in the political constitution of Europe. In that day General Smuts may be wanted here. Cambridge formed his mind. London may crown his career.

I FIND some sensational matter in a pamphlet which I find on my desk by Mr. Walter Newbould, which he calls "Bankers, Bondholders, and Bolsheviks." Mr. Newbould details the connection of many great English capitalists, banks, and investment companies with various Russian companies and exploiting enterprises, including Mr. Urquhart's mining ventures, the Irtysh, Kyshtim, and Tomalyk Corporations. With this I have nothing to do. We have a right to finance Russia if she wants financing; but obviously this connection throws a tremendous financial interest against Bolshevism, as an anti-capitalist force. For though Bolshevism may be ready to make terms with foreign capital, it will certainly put a check on exploitation, and prevent Russia from becoming, in the lyric phrase of the Chairman of the Bibi Eibat Oil Company, a "second India or a second Egypt." But at a moment when we are aiding, arming, and subsidizing risings against the Russian Government, it behoves Ministers and important public men to avoid the suspicion of a personal interest in their success. Yet Mr. Newbould declares that several British Ministers are shareholders in these Russian Corporations.

I HAD the curiosity to examine his statements, and I found that Somerset House records the following entries of investment with their dates:—

Sissert Mining Company:—

	Shares.	Date.
Rt Hon. A. Chamberlain	1,000	4/8/14
Ditto	1,000	30/12/16
Ditto	1,000	8/5/18

Anglo-Russian Trust:—

	Shares.	Date.
Rt. Hon. Walter Long	500	12/4/12
Ditto	3,000	31/12/18

Spassky Copper Company:—

	Shares.	Date.
Lord Reading	213	5/2/18

Kyshtim Corporation:—

	Shares.	Date.
Geddes, Auckland	300	2/1/19
Geddes, Eric	440	2/1/19

The holdings of the Geddes Brothers date, it will be seen, from this year, that is, after the war with Germany was ended, and we were openly treating the Government of Russia as an enemy. What have these gentlemen to say?

As for our august allies, Koltchak and Denikin, I am afraid their day is over. It is not that we fail them; but their unfortunate habit of massacring, plundering, and generally maltreating the inhabitants

in the rear of their armies nullifies our aid and their prowess. The result is that the further they advance, and the more victories they win, the more unpopular they become. For that reason the Bolsheviks ruled them out with the Yudenitch levies, some months ago. Their chief fear is of the advance of the Finns on Petrograd. But General Mannerheim admits to 75 per cent. of "Reds" in his forces; and though Mr. Churchill has thus far succeeded in keeping open the wound in Finnish society, it is closing, and when Reds and Whites melt into Grey, the Finnish levies will melt too.

IRELAND should be relieved to hear from Mr. Lloyd George's lips that she is not a nation. This settles the question, but it is a pity she did not know earlier, for then she might have been spared some hundreds of years of silly agitation about it, and handed over a few score poets, orators, priests, martyrs, warriors, conspirators, and traitors, to the Lloyd George of the period, to be hanged or bribed before they did any mischief, and prompted some millions of their kin to carry their fable over to any quarter of the world where it could be a nuisance to British statesmen. She would even have been spared the years when Mr. George propagated the delusion himself. The trouble is that the Deity does not seem to be economical in these matters. He lets human nature spend itself in the most ridiculous chivalries, fail, agonize, die, and set millions of souls on fire for nought. And all the while any clever bagman could tell it where its every-day interests lie, and spare all the pother.

It seems agreed that for the time being the "Centre Party" has come to nought. As a name it defined nothing; for while the Conservative Party has a real and a distinguished "central" group, the men who compose it, such as Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Henry Bentinck, Colonel Herbert, and Colonel Astor, have nothing in common with the diners of the Criterion. But it would be a mistake to dismiss the whole thing as one of Mr. Churchill's unstable fancies. This "Centre" Party has a real basis. That is anti-Laborism. It will treat the Labor movement as Bolshevik and after crushing it hope to develop its policy of Imperialism, Protection, and Profiteering. Mr. Asquith was quite right in suggesting that the Coalition was being rapidly captured for Protection, and that the movement was of the utmost seriousness to British trade. The preferential taxes are nought. They will do to play with and please the innocents. The serious matter is the rapidity with which British industry is being organized in a series of Trusts or Cartels, which are in a fair way to acquire a stranglehold on the nation. The demand of these Corporations will, of course, be for a tariff and, if that breaks down, for a trade policy of economic Imperialism in Russia and elsewhere; and as government with Mr. George is not a matter for Parliament, but for deals conducted between interests in his dining-room at Downing Street the country may soon be presented with what one may call a prepared Protectionism. This is the real significance of the "Centre" party. It is not intellectually distinguished—quite the contrary; and it is not really a party of moderation, as its name suggests. Its business is the division of the spoil.

I AM interested in Sir Gordon Hewart's decision that there was nothing illegal in Sir Edward Carson's "hypothetical, contingent threat" to call out a rebel

army and set up a rebel Government. For it shows how great minds mature, and how, in particular, Mr. Gordon Hewart, junior counsel against Mr. Tom Mann (workman), grown into the full stature of Sir Gordon Hewart, Attorney General, can distinguish a common agitator from a great upper-class statesman like Sir Edward Carson, and show the people what a bulwark of their liberties the law, properly interpreted, can be. I believe that another Liberal barrister refused the brief for the prosecution, but Mr. Hewart knew his duty to the State. So on Mr. Mann being prosecuted for "hypothetical-contingent" rebellion, Mr. Gordon Hewart helped to get him six months in the second division. Mr. Mann was punished because he wrote (or published) in the "Syndicalist" an article suggesting to soldiers that when workmen went on strike to better their lot, "which is the lot also of your fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters," they should not "murder" them, if their officers asked them to do so. The judge, in charging the prisoner, said that Mr. Mann had tried to induce people to do something which must bring grave punishment upon them. That appears to have been much the same seduction as Sir Edward Carson used on the corner-boys of Ulster, in much the same "contingency" of an improbable offence being committed against them. The difference would seem to be that Sir Edward Carson would, in that case, have asked his Volunteers to "murder" British soldiers, while Mr. Mann asked British soldiers not to "murder" British workmen.

I AM afraid the "color riot" in Washington is a symptom rather than an incident. The war has not eased the negro question in the United States. The black man has seen service by the white man's side; some of his regiments did well, and at least one officer showed remarkable military talent. The natural result is to revive the agitation for political rights. Dr. Dubois told me that this was the "note" of all the great negro demonstrations which he addressed in a recent tour. The war put dollars into the negro's pocket, as into the white man's. The other day a friend of mine in New York received a visit from a man of color from Jacksonville. "I put 10,000 dollars into the Liberty Loan, same as President Wilson," he said, "and I'm not going to live in a place where I'm not allowed to vote." All this produces its reaction on white opinion. The growing negro "insolence" is the theme of much American conversation. I fear our friends in the States are up against an old trouble in their civilization.

THE Government's bid for popularity in announcing the 6s. increase on coal having proved so lucky, now one of the Geddes troupe informs a weary public that it may as well cancel its holidays, for the train services will be cut drastically, and they may not be able to get home again. But holiday-makers, advised to forego recreation, will learn with interest that the Railway Executive could find rolling stock and coal for over 400 special trains for recent race meetings; although when the Lambeth Guardians recently applied for a special train to take a number of poor law children to the sea because they have had no change since the war began, the facility was refused. No specials for pauper children, now democracy has won the war, although special trains "to run every few minutes" are advertised for Hurst Park races to-day.

BEFORE we have our next national celebration, it would be well for our artists to retreat to some

country—France or America—where the genius for decoration is alive. There were streets in London that looked pretty enough; you cannot make Pall Mall, St. James's Street, or even the Strand look ugly if you try; but the obvious pleasantries of flags and standards is the child's part in decoration, not the artist's. The chief effort consisted in the cenotaph in Whitehall, and the ridiculously named pylons in the Mall. Anything less suggestive of the mass and dignity of the Egyptian pylon than these crinoline frames it would be hard to imagine. Sir Edward Lutyens's cenotaph is a different matter. Its simple plan has a certain sombre impressiveness of its own. But how hard and pagan! Surely some touch of humanity, some remembrance of the spirit and bodily presence of the dead, might have been attached to it. As I looked, I recalled the brilliant variation in plaster of Trajan's Arch which some American sculptor has thrown up in Madison Square, New York. Certainly it did not harmonize with the coloring and the architectural character of its surroundings. But as an improvisation it was splendid.

THE townsfolk of Nuneaton, I see, are already keeping the centenary of George Eliot, although the date does not fall until the end of the year. I can think of one good and necessary way of commemorating the great writer who was judged by her contemporaries to stand high above all English women of genius during her century. That is surely the writing of an adequate biography. Lord Morley alone, in my judgment, could have done it. Cross's life simply will not do: it is very uninspired; and besides that painful failure we have nothing but Mr. Frederic Harrison's monograph in the English Men of Letters. There are good lives of Macaulay and Carlyle, Dickens and Tennyson, Ruskin, William Morris and Burne Jones, and nearly all the Victorian statesmen. But poor George Eliot—?

M. CLEMENCEAU's *mot* (real or reputed) on Mr. George and Mr. Wilson has a vogue here. Clemenceau complained that he found it difficult to get on with either statesman—"L'un, qui s' imagine Napoléon et l'autre Jésus-Christ."

APROPOS of the news of the "mutiny" of the Russian troops at Archangel, let me add the testimony of a British soldier's letter which I have just received, and which throws some light on what he and his comrades are suffering:—

"I have been on the ——— Front, and when a hell on earth it was, not as regards fighting exactly, but the terrible hardships we had to go through. We had to go through a dense forest of about 180 versts, and we had to sleep on three-foot-six of snow in the wilds and had no hot food to eat, just frozen Machonochies and bully and biscuits, and we had little or no sleep but riding on sledges frozen to the marrow. In fact, it is marvellous how we lived through it all. . . . The next night we had to go up and put a barrage up—what for God only knows, for it was a complete washout, for the orders came through for us to evacuate as soon as possible. We had to dump thousands of pounds of material and stores of all descriptions, and it was a wonder we were not all annihilated, for we had to travel all through the night along the river until we dropped from exhaustion. . . . Once again it was quiet, until May 1st, when up came the Bolsheviks' gunboats and gave us hell for about six hours, and we had no gunboats up then. Why I don't know; but two 60-pounders got him back again. A day or two after the Bolsheviks attacked once more, but this time across the river, and we had some hundreds of Russkies across with a few guns. But as soon as the Bolsheviks came they would not fight, but gave themselves up after being equipped by our people and fed and clothed also."

His final comment is: "What can a man make out of all this bungling business?"

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

JOY.

It had come. This was the day when we should celebrate our return to peace, to an earth made the fairer for children, fit for men to live in, safe for ordinary folk the day that once had seemed as far off as truth, as fortune, more remote even than that incredible and undervalued time when we did not know the nobility to which humanity could rise, nor poison gas, nor the night bombing of sleeping people. Here was the day. I had often heard soldier friends declare with mock rapture what they would do with it, when they got it. They spoke then in circumstances which made the thought of peace and unremarkable toil but a painful reminder of what was beatific but inaccessible. This day had not come to them. But it had come to me.

I was luckier than they. But when luck comes to us it rarely looks quite what we imagined it when it was not ours. The Stars and Stripes was hanging from an upper window opposite. Next door a man was decorating his sills with fairy lamps, and from his demeanor might have been forming a taboo for his house against evil. There were no other signs that our planet was better placed. The street was much as the postman and the milkman have always known it, on a quiet morning. I heard a cock crow. That was a call from the past, the remembered voice of life at sunrise, as old as the jungles, alert, glad, and defiant. Why did it not sound as once it did at sunrise—as if the renewed and waiting earth were waiting for us? And on a day, too, when the earth was demanding our gratitude for our own improvements upon it? But the call seemed at a distance, as though not addressed to us. Yet the morning appeared the same. Its sounds were the immemorial confidences, its light the bright innocence of the original day. Was this new light ours? Well, so it had been officially appointed, for our thanksgiving. But perhaps there is another light, an aura of something early and rare, which, once it is doused, cannot be rekindled, even by the sun when rising to shine on a great victory.

And it is, maybe, as hard to tell the truth about peace as it is about war; and how difficult it is to tell the truth of war, and even how improper, some of us know. For what a base and unfaithful traitor even truth may be, to good patriots, pretending that her mirror cannot help reflecting what is there! To deny that there is no control over a mirror, which it is well known reflects without compunction any face shown to it, is to idly embarrass people's best instincts. If they do not wish to know what is there, when it is like that, is it right, is it even decent to show them?

It was while still considering, in dubiety, a day later, what was the truth about the celebrating of peace in my neighborhood, that I noticed, in all the newspapers, how easy it was to tell the truth, column after column of it, most of them signed as evidence of good faith, about the celebrations in the capital itself. Why should one be dubious, I asked myself, about a few simple unimportant suburban streets, when it was easy to tell the plain truth, as these papers show, where historic highways have been charged with complex emotions by the presence of the king, and great marshals and admirals?

Why? Because, for one thing, one knows one's own place a little better than the king's palace; and what is thought in one's own place a little better than what the great and important are saying in private. The more one knows of a place, however, the greater is one's perplexity. Against that old vicarage wall, looking so warm in the morning sun of Peace Day, we have seen youth assembled on a winter daybreak when matters were urgent in France. Youth was silent. There was only a sergeant's voice, as peremptory as doom. We can still hear the diminishing trampling of their quick receding feet, and see a boy's face as he turned at the top of the rise to wave a hand to an unseen watcher. But there are no ghosts and unheard voices here to those who do not know us; and of some of the homes about us there are stories of fate that are too grotesquely cruel to be tragic,

too stupid and terrible to relate. There are folk here we hardly dare to talk to, not knowing what to say to them.

On the day appointed we went out to celebrate these occasions. No joy can be truthfully reported till just this side of the High Street, where there were three girls with linked arms dancing in lax and cheerful oblivion, one of them quite drunk. Near them was a horse and cart with a man, a woman and a monkey in it, the superior animals clothed in red, white, and blue, and the monkey wearing a Union Jack for a ruff. The ape was humping himself on the tail-board, and looked as if he were wondering how long all this would last; but his companions were rosily chanting that if they caught someone bending it would be of no advantage to him. In the sanded main thoroughfare, waiting for the procession, quiet citizens were strolling about with their children, and what they thought of it and of each other is as great a mystery as what the crowds at Memphis were thinking when the completion of the Great Pyramid was officially celebrated. Somewhere, in an upper room near the Post Office, a choir was singing the "Hallelujah Chorus," while on the pavement below a V.A.D. nurse in a red wig stood solemnly swaying and listening, holding her skirts high, betraying the broad slacks beneath of an able seaman.

The chorus ceased, and in gratitude the V.A.D. nurse with the red wig and the suspicious trousers embraced a Highland soldier, who stood near absorbed in secret amusement, aroused, I think, by the nurse's feet. The bands of the military procession were heard in the distance, and at that very moment I saw a young officer I knew, who was "out there" as early as Neuve Chapelle, looking in the direction of the military sounds. Before I could get to him he had turned, and was hurriedly walking away down a side street, as though in flight. But I wanted to see that military procession, and so could not follow him. My reason for desiring to see it was feeble enough, and no better than a little sentimental emotion; for I saw the original contemptibles march off for Mons, was with a battalion of Kitchener's men which was one of the first to take the line, saw the Derby men come out and go to it, and discovered, not at all surprised, that the conscripts were as good as the rest. Well, here came some of the residue.

I wish I had not waited to see that military procession. There was the band of some local cadets, an excellent beginning, and the zest of the lads for martial music was spontaneous and undimmed; behind those boys in the show stalked a strange figure with a face that had no expression but a set and hypnotic stare (he could have understudied Time or the Ancient Mariner), keeping to the measure the boys were playing by holding aloft a mouse-trap, and flicking its catch rhythmically. Who was he? Was he also drunk? Or was he a more terrible jest? For he was not recognized by anybody.

As to the rest of the procession, nothing should be said. It compelled a belief in an occasional censorship, if only to preserve personal memory and sentiment. If our illusions go, what is left to us? The young officer who turned away when he saw the show approaching him acted on a right instinct. He censored even a view of it.

The night display as it was seen from a neighboring hill-top, impersonal, and vague enough for any meaning to be given to it, so vast and suggestive that it would accord with and support the gravest and deepest of memories, was as if darkness is kinder to what one well remembers, understands remorse though admonishing our follies, protects our finer illusions, and knows our inexpressible regret for what might have been but now can never be. The lower night, under an overcast sky (for it was raining gently), was a void. A white glow that had no origin developed, and gave one far and lonely hill-crest briefly to the night. A cloud elsewhere appeared out of nothing, a lenticular spectre of dull fire, and persisted. Reflections of what was happening in distant unrelated places on earth's plain began to shape the hidden vapors of heaven in faint colors. A spark glittered not far away, a hovering star in the night; and burst into a fixed coiling flare and bulging volumes of smoke; and then we had another

baseless hill, and an uncertain tower, and leaping and fantastic trees. From below in our valley there was a vicious rushing noise which gave us a momentary tremor (so sounds a stream of machine-gun lead, going over) and a group of rockets burst. Their brief light showed the night reticulated with lines of smoke, like veins of calcite on black marble. Our immediate pallid country faded again; we had seen for a while below us what might have been the road to Bapaume. That hill-crest of leaping trees was like the ridge of Loupart, with Achiet in flames beyond. We had had enough of this, and went.

There was a public-house at the foot of the hill, senseless noises streaming into the road from its open doors. We turned into a house beyond, sure to find there an aged and solitary man, who would have memories on such a night as this (like a multitude of other parents); for we knew his boy, and the suggestion of the Bapaume road reminded us of where that boy was celebrating whatever peace he knew. His father was not communicative; and what could we say? He sat, answering us distantly and a little austere, both his hands resting on a stick, something resembling a bearded sage seeing in retrospect a world he had long known, and about which he had made up his mind at last, though he would not tell us what that was. Outside we could hear revellers approaching. They paused at our door, and sang:—

"If I catch you bending,
I'll turn you upside down,
Knees up, knees up,
Knees up, knees up,
Knees up, Father Brown."

T.

Music

THE COTTAGE PIANO.

Now is the end of the musical season and, it is devoutly to be hoped, of the exceedingly stupid controversy that has been raging, both privately and publicly, over the merits of German music. Fools, we know, rush in where angels fear to tread, but the angels (for we suppose the distinguished gentlemen and ladies who have been so active in the matter are entitled to the appellation) have shown so little fear and have trodden so heavily, that the fool may be pardoned his temerity for once. At any rate, a little plain speaking can do no harm. It is impossible to frequent musical society in London without stumbling, sooner or later, into one or other of the opposing trenches. A certain well-known musician gave a most amusing description of his experiences the other day. On one night he attended a party whose religion was Russian and French music. In soft, blurred, Slavic English various Russians proclaimed to Anglo-Jews and ecstatic society ladies the beauty and exclusiveness of their doctrine. Not only were the classics dead; they were damned. It was positively indecent to listen to symphonic music. No real artist could any longer tolerate the vulgar sentimentalism of Wagner or Beethoven. In Stravinski and Ravel lay the only salvation.

On the next night he attended another party, less smart, perhaps, but more serious. Here the classics reigned supreme, and, in guttural, distinct tones, one or two naturalized Britons proclaimed to another coterie of Anglo-Jews and a circle of more restrained but less decorative ladies, the infallibility of their dogma. All these French and Russian compositions were amusing enough, but they were not serious; they were not real music at all. Neither technically (apart from mere orchestration), nor emotionally, could these composers compare with the great masters. There was no musical tradition worth considering outside Germany. The doctrine of the "Three B's" was the only possible religion for musicians.

Now both by temperament and reason the writer is anti-Chauvinist, but the manner in which some of these foreign doctrinaires and their protagonists in the press dictate to and bully us is enough to make one long for a musical D.O.R.A. Nor, be it observed, are they content with a vindication, however exaggerated, of their own excellence. We are solemnly told not only what we

must hear, but what we must not hear. To please Herr Wurst, ten years ago, we had to promise to boycott all the works of Rossini, Moussorgski, and Debussy; to please Jaspodin Zakuski, to-day, we must pledge ourselves to avoid Beethoven, Wagner, and Schumann. This is positively intolerable. The sooner our national sanity asserts itself and tells these people that we intend to insert no "most favored nation" clause in any of our musical treaties, the better for everybody.

We have no desire, in writing thus, to emphasize unduly the claims of our own British "nationalists." Nationalism in music has much to recommend it. The influence of language, of environment, of tradition should tend to impress on the composers of a nation some common characteristics not to be found in the composers of other nationality. These characteristics must surely be worth encouraging because they contribute to the common, inter- (or, if you so prefer) super-national fund of musical expression. Moreover, quite apart from any question of aesthetic particularism, it is possible to justify nationalism on economic grounds. A country should enable its musicians to live. But the exaggerated nationalism of some musical patriots only defeats its own object. To praise music indiscriminately because it is British is to do the greatest possible disservice to British composers, and the public, if it finds all British composers praised whether good, bad or indifferent, is more likely, in the present state of opinion, to label them all bad rather than good. Nor, it may be added, will abuse of foreign artists of obviously superior talents help our patriots one jot. What they may reasonably hope to destroy is the absurd prejudice, harbored by many snobbish people, that a bad foreign is better than a good British musician.

The fact is that in these, as perhaps in all other matters, wisdom lies in a compromise between extremes. The discovery that "Truth always lies somewhere in the middle" is as ancient as the Ancient Greeks—and proportionately dull. Nevertheless our country has grown great on the application of it and, for my part, I feel no doubt whatever that it will be applied yet once again to these various musical exaggerations. A few fashionable ladies in London and their satellites, a collection of old-fashioned pedants, and a handful of excited journalists may give an impression of great importance, but they are not England or anything approaching England—as other people besides musical fanatics have before now discovered to their cost. The great mass of music lovers in this country, the people who pay to go to concerts, who support their local musical society, who are interested in the music in their churches, who play duets at home on their pianos, these people remain practically unaffected by such controversies. They would as soon think of banishing Beethoven and Handel from their lives as they would of acclaiming Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith as the world's greatest composer on the *ipse dixit* of a musical critic. They are rather conservative, rather stodgy, disappointingly incurious but eminently sane. The mere idea of their flying madly about after successive musical will-o'-the-wisps fills me with extreme merriment. As soon might one expect to see a cow chasing butterflies round a field.

The cottage piano is the true embodiment of them, and musical specialists always overlook the cottage piano. Nevertheless the cottage piano is the one overwhelmingly important factor in English music. On its influence for good or evil depends the whole well-being of our musical organism. In the present turmoil of conflicting doxies one should, perhaps, thank Heaven that, whatever its other defects, it is at least a perfectly sensible and severely robust instrument.

FRANCIS TOYE.

Short Studies.

RETURNING THANKS.

THE boys filed, class by class, into the school hall, and stood in disciplined silence awaiting the ceremony. The teachers, bored and listless, issued occasional commands and warnings. The room was stuffily hot, the atmosphere

heavy with the smell of perspiring, ill-washed human bodies. The Head Master, mounted on his rostrum, changed his coat for one of shiny black alpaca, then, turning to the boys, he greeted them, pedagogically:

"Good mornin', boys!"

"Good mornin', sir!"

Rebuking a boy who was late with his "s'lute" the Head Master proceeded with the business of the day.

"Now, boys! give me your strict attention; I want perfect silence—keep your head still, Thompson!—I want to hear the clock. No, don't look at it! Look at me, and don't let me see a lip move!"

Silence became tense. . . Somewhere a fly buzzed. . .

The Head Master held up a whistle.

"I have a whistle here," he said. "In a few moments I shall blow it; you will then sing the National Anthem."

More silence. The whistle sounded and the hymn was sung with lusty relief.

The Head Master spoke again.

"When Jones has done fidgeting, I shall be able to go on." Jones became statuesque.

"As you probably know, we have met here because the County Council has ordered us to thank God for the peace. You know the war is over and we are now at peace. You know your fathers and brothers have been fighting for us, don't you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Why did they fight, Bates?"

Bates was taken unawares; his cheek cunningly accommodated a sweetmeat.

"P-please, sir," he stammered, "'Cos of the Derby Scheme!"

"You're not thinking," said the Head Master. "Come here, and stand in front, and mind you don't get into trouble."

Bates shuffled apprehensively forward, on the way transferring the sweet to his trouser pocket. The Head Master proceeded.

"Some of our brave soldiers are dead; some have lost an arm, some two arms, some a leg, some an arm and a leg; but now, thank God! peace has come—well, what is it, Bates?"

Bates made a diplomatic bid for favor. He was anxious to resume his place and sweet.

"Please, sir!" he said. "You've missed those what's lost two arms and one leg, two legs and —"

"That'll do," interrupted the Head Master. "I said we are now at peace. Tell me, what does that signify?"

"We're to have treats and fireworks," came an eager voice from the back.

"Quite right; but why?"

"Because we're at peace, sir," chimed the chorus. The Head Master signified his assent.

"Now, you're thinking," he said, his rather stern expression relaxing. A number of boys shifted their weight to the other leg.

"Well, you know what the war was about; that the Kaiser wanted to rob you of your freedom, for England has always been a free country, hasn't it?"

The chorus came as desired.

"But what do we mean by being free?"

No answer. A boy fainted and had to be carried out.

"Now, Jackson, what do we mean by freedom?"

"Having our liberty, sir," replied Jackson.

"Quite right," said the Head Master. "Don't forget what Jackson has told you, and write it out to-morrow in your exercise books."

A conveniently placed teacher here found it necessary to look out of a window.

"Dickson, you're out of your line."

Dickson hastily readjusted himself.

"Now, Dickson, how do you know that England is a free country?"

"Please, sir, teacher told us so yesterday."

"Well, then!"—and the Head Master raised his voice—"you must always bear that in mind—you'll be in hot water in a moment, Williams—look at me! Say

to yourselves every morning and every night, 'I live in a free country.' Why do I tell you to do that, Williams?"

"Please, sir, because we might forget it!" was the hesitating reply.

"Very well, then! And now future freedom is assured us; we have won a great victory! But who was it who won the victory for us?"

"Sir Douglas 'Aig, sir!"

"But somebody else?"

"Lord George, sir!"

"Yes, yes! I know that," said the Head Master testily, "but who else?"

"Bottomley, sir."

A laugh was heard; which a glance from the Head Master converted to a cough. . . A boy in the body of the hall was violently sick. . .

"I'm referring to someone greater than Bottomley!"

There was no reply.

"I shall have to tell you, then." The Head Master lowered his voice and rubbed his left shoulder-blade rhythmically against the corner of a cupboard.

"It was God who won the war for us. These folks helped, our soldiers helped, our guns, shells, aeroplanes, poison gas, all helped!—but God gave us the victory! Who was it?"

"God, sir."

"Say it again."

"God, sir."

The Head Master paused; feeling hot, he ran his finger round his collar.

"Now boys! we're going to thank God! And as I must read the prayers ordered by the Council, I want you to listen carefully. To-morrow, I shall get you to write me a composition on these prayers, and shall then find out the boys who weren't listening. Now, then, attention! Hands together! Eyes closed."

Letters to the Editor.

THE MEANEST LIE ABOUT THE BOLSHEVIKS.

SIR,—“For the nationalization of women,” said the “Times” on July 12th, “there is happily no parallel. That is a bestial anomaly unique in history.” It would be, if it were true. But since it is not true, and there is no difficulty in tracing the legend, we are, I think, driven to the conclusion that the manufacture and circulation of the lie about the Bolsheviks and the alleged socializing of women is, on the whole, as shocking an example of war journalism and propaganda as could be found in the records of even the past five years.

On July 2nd the “Times” printed, from its correspondent at Ekaterinodar, Caucasus, a dispatch containing the statement that the Bolsheviks who were fleeing before Denikin's Cossacks had “taken little with them except large numbers of women.” To this the correspondent added a vague story of a single peasant woman, said to have been informed, after being torn from her husband, that she was nationalized. And he drew this brilliant inference:—

“The evidence seems to show that this abominable measure, which is latent in the Bolshevik theory and temper, is put in practice at moments of crisis and panic, and is not universally applied only because the Bolsheviks dread popular revolt!”

A day later the “Times” declared editorially, on the basis of this testimony from Ekaterinodar, that “the stories of the nationalization of women are not fictions.” Well, let us consider the record.

As a supplement to its issue of December 28th, 1918, “The Nation” of New York, published the text of about twenty decrees, laws, and regulations of the Soviet Government, of which Lenin was then, and is still, the head. They include the decree, dated December 18th, 1917, concerning marriage, children, and the registration of civil status. The rules are precise and unmistakable; and it is noted that “church marriage is a private affair of those contracting it, while civil marriage is obligatory.” So much for the absurd charge that the abominable measure is “latent in the Bolshevik theory and temper.”—Now for the making and spread of the lie.

In all the specific references to the alleged decree of socialization and its origin that I have seen during the past year, four places only have been named—Saratoff, Samara, Vladimir, Hoolinsky. The last-named town is undiscoverable in Russia or Siberia; there is no difficulty about the other three. We come upon the first trickle of the stream of falsehood in the early summer of 1918 when Maxim Gorky's paper "Novaya Zhizn" reproduced a plea for freer sex relations which, written by a woman, had appeared in the news-sheet of a small local Soviet at Vladimir, in a far-Eastern province. Gorky, then a furious anti-Bolshevist, quoted this personal utterance as an example of Bolshevik belief or policy.

Most people, however, who have given any attention to the story have been led to connect it with the city of Saratoff, on the Volga. The so-called decree of Saratoff is the real document in the case, and its singular history has been illuminated from various quarters.

Mr. Oliver M. Sayler, an American journalist attached to the "Indianapolis News," was in Russia during the early months of 1918. Writing in the "New Republic" of New York (March 15th, 1919), he says that at Samara, on the Volga, he saw a proclamation "pasted broadcast on bulletin boards and stone walls," and he had it translated textually into English. It purported to come from "the Free Association of Anarchists of the City of Saratoff," some 200 miles below Samara on the river, and it had reference to "the abolition of the private possession of women." It contained 22 clauses, some of which were couched in terms of startling brutality—the very thing to satisfy those people who have allowed themselves to be persuaded into believing the bestial anomaly unique in history.

Mr. Sayler, naturally sought an explanation. He visited the club-house of the Samara anarchists, from whom he heard some strange things. He was given, among other productions, a reply to the so-called decree from the Samara Federation of Anarchists. It opened as follows:—

"The enemy is powerless. The enemy is falling lower and lower. And in his fall he is blaspheming. And in his fall he is slandering. And he makes use of the most repulsive provocative means."

Mr. Sayler suggests that we may see in this astonishing situation evidence of the strength of the anarchist element during the earlier stages of the Lenin Government; or, alternatively, that the proclamation may have been put out by some of the Bolsheviks themselves "in the name of the anarchists in order to bring discredit and opprobrium on their most dangerous political opponents. But anyhow, the point is that the document is anything but Bolshevik: it is anti-Bolshevist in the extreme sense. And, in any case, the grotesqueness of its substance and tone should have been obvious to the least wary reader, even in 1918.

Nevertheless it has been made to serve the purposes of those who have exploited and perverted it. The story of the Bolsheviks unheard-of degradation of women was set going in the British Press by the "New Europe," which, on October 31st, 1918, gave the bogus regulations under the heading of "The Bolsheviks and the Status of Women." On February 11th, 1919, the "Times" reproduced the Saratoff decree. Thereupon it was quoted or commented upon in countless newspapers throughout the world, and month after month has formed the text of innumerable denunciations from pulpit and platform.

On February 20th last, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, in reply to a question from Lieutenant-Colonel Sir F. Hall, said there was reason to believe that the decree had been published in several cities, and even that an attempt had been made to enforce it; but, he added, he was not sure whether it had been issued by the Bolsheviks or Anarchists. Meanwhile, the denials and explanations were gathering force. Dr. Harold Williams, a fierce and untiring enemy of the Bolsheviks, put himself right in the "New Europe," thus:—

"I have made particular inquiries among friends recently arrived from Russia as to the alleged nationalization of women, and they all assure me positively that they have never heard or read of such a decree. It is certain that the Central Bolshevik Government has issued no order of the kind."

That, surely, is plain enough. But it so happens that we

can supplement Dr. Williams's denial on behalf of the Lenin Government with a piece of positive evidence. The "Investija," the official organ of the Central Soviet Government, had the following piece of news in its issue of May 18th, 1918:—

"Moscow Soviet decision.—The Moscow newspaper, the 'Evening Life,' for printing an invented decree regarding the socialization of women, in the issue of the 3rd of May, No. 26, shall be closed for ever and fined 25,000 roubles."

All this evidence, and much more, must be in the hands of our Government and, presumably, is accessible in the reference files of every well-equipped newspaper office. And yet the lie rolls on, and, as I find from a letter that reaches me this week, the authorities of our Black Sea forces were quite recently engaged in circulating extracts from the Saratoff decree among the men. Do decent people anywhere want any more proof? I cannot think they do. But it is, perhaps, worth noting that observers recently returned from Russia report the rise of a new reformation, and that in Hungary the Soviet Government, at the outset of its régime, made war upon the brothels.

A LIBERAL JOURNALIST.

THE CAREER OF PRESIDENT WILSON.

SIR,—I have been an interested reader of your paper since last December—deeply interested. I have followed particularly your estimates of President Wilson, and I must say that your capacity for loyalty is quite remarkable. In THE NATION of May 31st, 1919, page 256, you say, "But the might of the American people was not behind the President," and from the context I infer that to that fact, partly at least, you attribute his failure at the Peace Conference. Do you know *why* "the might of the American people is not behind the President"? Did you ever pause to consider what you base your judgment of the man upon? His speeches. Did you ever run through his career and check up his *words* with his *actions*? There is such a wealth of material at hand that it is hard to make a choice. Here is an instance: You remember in January, in his note of invitation to Lenin to attend a conference with the Allies, he wrote, "It is not our purpose to favor or assist any one of the organized groups now contending for the leadership and guidance of Russia as against the others." Ten days before that, in a cablegram to Congress he urged the passage of the Naval Bill to combat "the poison of Bolshevism," and on the day the note was placed in Lenin's hands, American troops of whom he is Commander-in-Chief, made an attack on the Bolsheviks near Archangel.

Last winter in Paris, before a noted French Society, he said, "I believe in the greatest possible freedom of speech," at the very moment when American jails were full of Socialists, Radicals, and conscientious objectors, sent up for ten and twenty years because they had exercised that right. The campaign against free speech was conducted by Attorney-General Gregory, an appointee of the President and member of his cabinet. The campaign against the freedom of the Press was conducted by Burleson, Postmaster-General, appointed directly by the President. A word from Burleson, and a whole issue of a magazine can be refused the mailing privilege. There is no appeal from his ultimatum. Possibly you knew of the "Masses" trial. The editor, Max Eastman, applied personally, by letter, and by telegram to both Burleson and President Wilson, asking what his rights were as a Socialist editor during war time. He appealed *fourteen* times and got no response. The next issue of his magazine was held up, and he was arrested and tried on a charge of conspiracy to block the war!

A careful study of the suffrage campaign is full of these "discrepancies." President Wilson urged the passage of the Suffrage Bill through the House last fall, but when it came before the Senate he was silent. A word from him to his obedient henchmen in the Senate would have saved it, because every other Bill in which he was interested passed. Why? Because he called the party leaders together and gave his orders and they were always obeyed. Anyone who was in Washington last year can tell you that no Congress has ever been so completely under the domination of the

President as our last Congress. In State elections last fall his influence was invariably on the side of the anti-suffrage Senator.

Beautiful phrases fell from his lips on the "self-determination of peoples," &c. The suffragettes didn't miss one of them, but used them as their texts with occasional comments, such as "Aren't women people?" Pickets standing close against the White House fence, carrying these banners were arrested for blocking the traffic, and sentenced to six months in the workhouse, when the maximum penalty for that offence is three days in jail. The sentence was given by a judge appointed by President Wilson, and subject to his removal.

America has never known such an autocrat. Do you wonder we weren't anxious to make the world safe for his kind of democracy? I am enclosing his last proclamation to the American people. Please read that, the *résumé* of the Peace Treaty, the "Covenant," and the fourteen points all at one sitting. Then if you want the best American analysis, read Max Eastman's "Wilson and Lenin" in the March "Liberator," 34, Union Square East, New York City. And consider carefully whether you can really blame the American people for not standing behind such a man!—Yours, &c.,

H. S. JORDAN.

San Francisco, California, U.S.A. June 28th, 1919.

AN ACT OF THE CANADIAN CENSORSHIP.

SIR,—We Americans have from time to time envied you British your comparative freedom of speech and assemblage. It has been pretty generally agreed that not even Prussia in her prime could furnish a more stupid and autocratic specimen of the genus "bureaucrat" than our Postmaster-General and Controller of Thought, A. S. Burleson. But our supremacy has been lost to our Northern neighbor; Mr. Burleson is quite eclipsed by Colonel Ernest J. Chambers, Chief Press Censor for Canada.

In October, 1918, this gentleman, acting not under law but under authority given him by Orders in Council, banned from the Canadian mails "The World To-morrow," a radical Christian publication which not even Mr. Burleson had suppressed in America. Attempts to have "The World To-morrow" readmitted to the Canadian mails proved futile, and the final letter from Colonel Chambers is so remarkable a document that I quote it in full for your information:—

"Dear Madam—I received your letter of July 3rd, and note that you think now that the Peace Treaty has been signed, you consider there is no reason for keeping 'The World To-morrow' from circulation in Canada, and ask the withdrawal of the ban which has been placed upon your magazine in Canada.

"I regret that I cannot agree with your conclusion in this respect, and would repeat what I have already, I believe, told you, that there is no intention of reinstating any publication, which for good and sufficient reason, was, under the Censorship Orders Respecting Censorship, forbidden to be in the possession of anyone in Canada.

"I am obliged to you for forwarding copies of your June and July issues, and I will have them looked over with interest.—I have the honor to be, Madam, Your obedient servant,

"ERNEST J. CHAMBERS, Colonel,

"Chief Press Censor for Canada."

I can hardly believe that Colonel Chambers is purely a domestic issue. I should imagine that, morally, he is at least an imperial problem, and in this faith I write you, sending under separate cover a copy of the magazine in question.—Yours, &c.,

July 10th, 1919.

NORMAN THOMAS.

THE CRUCIFIED CANADIAN.

SIR,—On April 12th there appeared in THE NATION a letter signed "Pte. E. Loader, 2nd R. West Kent Regt.," in which the writer declared that he had seen the "crucified Canadian."

As, pending the inception of some fresh war of conquest and commercial greed, there would seem to be no further necessity for the Press—Liberal and Tory—to support the Government by the uncritical acceptance of almost any

"atrocities" story, I venture to inform you that the name of "Pte. E. Loader" cannot be traced on the nominal rolls of the Royal West Kent Regt., and that the 2nd Battalion, to which he claims to belong, was serving in India throughout the war.—Yours, &c.,

E. N. BENNETT, Capt.

[The publication of a letter indicates in itself no acceptance of its story or argument.—ED., NATION.]

THE CHINESE "ALSACE-LORRAINE."

SIR,—Having during many years of residence in China as a business man learned to respect our Chinese friends, I make no apology for confessing that I was glad to note that, of all the Allied and Associated Powers, China did not sign the Peace Treaty at Versailles.

Good old China! The land of honest and hard-working Orientals, who with practically no Government, such as we Occidentals understand it, governed themselves for centuries to their own satisfaction, living peacefully and happily until European greed for commercial and industrial advantages interfered.

How they must dislike us—who with one hand wisely restore Alsace-Lorraine to France, who decree a plebiscite for North Schleswig, and with the other give Kiaochow to an alien race, their aggressive hereditary enemies; in violation of the policy of the open door and of national self-determination, proclaimed from the house-tops as the guiding principle of the Peace Treaty.

As the Lorraine mines provided the Rhenish iron masters with steel to kill France's soldiers, so Chinese coal and hematite will provide for Japan (herself rapidly getting poor in coal and having practically no good iron ore) the wherewithal to attain by force her political ambitions—and to build warships to their hearts' content!—Yours, &c.,

H. S.

London, E.C. July 3rd, 1919.

THE TREATY AND THE SECRET TREATIES.

SIR,—"A Wayfarer" indicates that some in the Liberal Party hoped for a word of protest from their leader against the nature of the Peace Treaty (so-called).

This is pathetic.

How could such a word be spoken? The Peace Treaty is the natural fruit of the Secret Treaties; how, then, can the authors of these treaties repudiate their own handiwork? Can the sower repudiate the crop, when once the true nature of his seed is revealed? The exposure of the Secret Treaties is the greatest democratic success of the war, and it is for this that the Bolsheviks are hated and attacked. But does anyone suppose that those whom they exposed will now intervene on their behalf?

The Liberal Party must choose between Imperialism and Peace—it cannot serve both.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH SOUTHALL.

13, Charlotte Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

SWISS FUND FOR STARVING CHILDREN.

SIR,—May I add the following facts to the fine appeal you have this day made on behalf of the starving children of Europe?

Few here realize the immense sacrifices which have been made by the Swiss to aid these suffering little ones. Switzerland, with her three million inhabitants, has already in proportion contributed far more money than has Great Britain. Not to speak of the work voluntarily given by the thousands of private families who have housed the children as guests.

In addition to this, thousands of Swiss have also given up their food coupons on the understanding that a corresponding amount of food should be bought and sent into Austria. Those of us who have not forgotten the eagerness with which folk here obtained and consumed all that their coupons permitted can appreciate the greatness of this sacrifice. Switzerland sent many trainloads of provisions

into Vienna as a result. But now the funds of Switzerland are exhausted. A food train costs several thousand pounds. Thousands of food coupons are waiting to be redeemed. They can and will be turned into food and sent so soon as the money is forthcoming.

Do not let us allow the self-sacrifice of those families who gave up their food coupons to be wasted. If everyone who reads this will send the price of a ration or two that train can be sent. The need is urgent. Cheques should be made payable to Miss Hobhouse and crossed Barclays, and addressed to 1, St. Dunstan's Road, Hammersmith.—Yours, &c.,

M. EDITH DURHAM,

Joint Hon. Sec. Fund to Aid Swiss Relief
for Starving Children.

P.S.—The food being purchased in Switzerland all expenses of transport entailed when food is sent from England are saved.

THE CONDITION OF INDIA.

SIR,—I read with very great interest your admirable article on "The Condition of India," and I thank you for the reference you made to the case against my father, Lala Harkishenlal. Last evening's "Westminster Gazette" announced the sentences passed on him and his followers and colleagues. They are to be transported for life and their property forfeited. What a sentence! Still, I am not thinking of its severity, but of the manner in which the whole proceedings have been carried through. Sir Michael O'Dwyer has achieved the greatest triumph (he is to get a peerage, I hear) of his notorious administration, and he and his officials have succeeded in wiping from the political slate once and for all the man who was never afraid of them. The animosity against my father has all along been acute for the last twenty years, during which time he has led the Constitutional Reform Movement in the Punjab, but it reached its climax after he resigned his membership of the Legislative Council. The evidence given in the Industrial Commission of 1917 conclusively proved the Banking Crisis of 1913, which focussed around him and which was the collapse of Indian Finance, was the work of the Punjab Executive. For this evidence, which created a sensation throughout India, Sir Michael O'Dwyer and his colleagues made a second bitter attack on my father last year. But, fortunately, this, like the first, failed to crush the "Napoleon of Finance" (as he is known in the Anglo-Indian Press). But now in his third and last attempt Sir Michael has succeeded. With one sweep he has wiped out the little band that dared to question his administration and his policy. On the pretext of waging war against his Majesty (closing the shops and feeding the poor while they were shut) they have been removed from the political arena so that the Punjab Executive may be able to pursue its policy unchecked and unquestioned. I have always been proud of my illustrious father, but never have I been a prouder son than I am now.—Yours, &c.,

KANHAYALAL GAUBA.

Downing College, Cambridge. July 18th, 1919.

SIR,—May I venture with all deference to demur to two points in your article on the "Condition of India" in your last week's issue. First, is it desirable to tie up together the treatment of the Punjab disorders with the question of constitutional reform in India? Ought these disturbances to be, as you seem to suggest, a determining consideration in the matter any more than, say, the Bristol riots (I know the parallel is not exact) were allowed to overshadow the Reform Bill of 1832? No doubt what has happened in one of the eight Indian provinces affected by the Government of India Bill cannot be excluded from our minds. But the really dominating considerations are far wider and deeper. Perhaps that is just as well; for if you could concentrate the attention of the Joint Committee on the events of the Punjab in the hope of inducing the Committee thereby "to transform the Montagu Bill," I should fear that the resulting transformation might be even less to your mind than the Bill as it stands.

Secondly, it is agreed that the declaration of August,

1917, is an "absolute promise"; and I know it is unnecessary to recall the precise intention of the promise. It did not, of course, pledge the Government immediately to construct "a framework for a system of responsible government in India." Frameworks can hardly be said to grow, and progress by growth and instalment was as clearly an essential of that declaration as the definition of the ultimate goal. You claim that the Montagu Bill is "vitiating by one fatal defect"—a self-defeating scheme of dual government. I have never been able to see how if the August declaration is accepted as an absolute promise, an element of dual government is to be avoided. The scheme foreshadowed by the declaration is not to be the existing bureaucracy, but it is not at first to be responsible government. It is to be a step away from bureaucracy, which is not, however, at present to reach to Cabinet government. The transitional stage must have its element of dualism, or it is not an intermediate stage. Dualism is necessarily implied in the idea of growth and instalment. Is it asserted by Liberals that there cannot be a half-way house, and that it passes the wit of man to devise in India anything except pure bureaucracy on the one hand, and, on the other, fully developed Cabinet government, introduced, as it must be, with no preliminary period of political training?

You suggest that the dual scheme will lend itself to evasion and obstruction by insincere members of the I.C.S. I believe there is no reason to suppose that civil servants will decline to work honestly a system deliberately approved by Parliament. A really Machiavellian bureaucrat would, I should think, rather advocate an immediate plunge into some extreme measure of self-determination, speculating on the chance that a political experiment, adopted in novel conditions, without leaving time for the growth of indispensable customs, traditions, and political conventions, would break down, as such experiments in history have time and again broken down, in hopelessly compromising failure. During the Irish Home Rule discussions Joseph Chamberlain always insisted that Ireland must be "trusted all in all, or not at all"—it was good tactics from his point of view.

Doubtless it is the fate of sound measures to be attacked by reactionaries for going too far, and by impatient idealists for not going far enough. Will you pardon me if I make an earnest plea that the great influence of THE NATION should not be so exerted as to jeopardize a measure of undoubtedly substantial advance for India, the wrecking of which might have grave and incalculable consequences.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES ROBERTS.

Poetry.

THAT DAY.

THAT day, that three times happy day,
Is now a myriad miles away,
And nowhere can its trace be found
Upon earth's poorer ground.

Left far behind in starry space
By the unpausing planet's race,
A bubble in the wake it shone
One moment and was gone.

But though dissolved, such sweetness clings
About that airy nought of things—
That rainbow-colored mist of joy—
As time can not destroy.

And young-eyed seraphim that go
Celestial errands to and fro
Coming into that breath of bliss,
Will wonder what it is:

Finding a fragrance there the same
As in the place from whence they came,
Nor strive to guess nor ever care
What mortals left it there.

SYLVIA LYND.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Authority in the Modern State." By Harold J. Laski. (Humphrey Milford.)
 "Three Years of War in East Africa." By Captain Angus Buchanan, M.C. (Murray. 12s.)
 "The Birds and Other Poems." By J. C. Squire. (Martin Secker. 2s.)
 "The Sleeping Partner." A Novel. By M. P. Willcocks. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d.)

* * *

WHEREVER I see a church to-day I see a Union Jack, a tricolor, and not once or twice the conquering symbol of Japanese Christianity. It is all very appropriate, if we remember Anatole France's concept of Heaven in "The Revolt of the Angels," as a military autocracy. The organ peals, the bunting waves, and the herald angels trumpet the National Anthems of the heavenly nations, as they lean out from the gold bar of Heaven. After such a vision, in the manner of Plotinus, one naturally turns to thoughts of Heaven as represented both in the human and the literary mind.

* * *

THE first thing that strikes the observer is that Heaven is highly localized. Mr. Clutton Brock, in his recent book "What is the Kingdom of Heaven?" says that it is far more solid and actual than my chair because it is within us potentially and prophetically, and without us as the perfect reality—a reality of relation like "notes in a tune," mere noises by themselves. That Heaven is not a matter of *sollicitur ambulando*; we are aware of it only when we are part of it in feeling, thought, and conduct, here in this very world. If we do not see it, it is not there. It is not to be achieved after death with a packet of shares and a few subscriptions as a passport. But this Heaven, which is the same thing as Blake's and Shelley's and Dürer's, is too unbusiness-like for our purpose this week. It is without the properties we have a right to expect—large golden streets, amethyst Mansion Houses, and a fine band of military seraphs in the market-place, playing all centuries long and no charge for admission. No spaniels, bull-terriers, giraffes, or hedgehogs—only lions and lambs: no birds, feathers being monopolized by the angelic hosts. There may be a few parks (free of sparrows), but a countryside is debatable orthodoxy, unless perhaps as a military training-ground. On the other hand, there is a good deal of conflicting evidence here. An old poet, Thomas Washbourne, paints Heaven as follows:—

"A place where all the year is May,
 Where every bird doth sit and sing
 Continually, as in the Spring;
 Where are always to be seen
 Flow'ry meadows, pastures green;
 With many springs and fountains meet,
 As crystal clear and honey sweet," &c.

Marvell, in "A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda," suggests much the same kind of Arcadia:—

"There sheep are full
 Of forest grass and softest wool;
 There birds sing concerts, garlands grow,
 Cold winds whisper, springs do flow.
 Shepherds there bear equal sway,
 And every nymph's a Queen of May."

Nor is this necessarily opposed to the "Summertown" of psychical research, where the elect drink transcendental ichor and smoke sublimated cigars, which, if only procurable in a town, need not be consumed on the premises.

ROBERT LEIGHTON insisted on the unchangeableness of Heaven:—

"No change at all there, no winter and summer: not like the poor comforts here, but a bliss always flourishing. As there shall be no change in their beholding, so no weariness nor abatement of their delight in beholding. They sing a new song, always the same, and yet always new. The sweetest of our music, if it were to be heard but for one whole day, would weary them who are most delighted with it. What we have here cloy, but satisfies not; the joys above never cloy and yet always satisfy."

William de Machlinia, in his Monk of Evesham's "Vision of Paradise," tells of the music he heard:—

"Suddenly I heard there a solemn peal and a ringing of a marvellous sweetness, and as all the bells in the world, or whatever is of sounding, had been rung together at once. Truly in this peal and ringing broke out also a marvellous sweetness, and a variant meddling of melody sounded withal. And I wot not whether the greatness of melody or the sweetness of sounding of bells was more to be wondered."

These things are of fair report, and the difference between a chime of bells and a gramophone possibly as great as that between William of Machlinia's time and the Industrial Revolution. But it is a difference not of kind, but of degree.

* * *

YET this decorative Heaven of ours, this painted Earl's Court of changeless relaxation, begins to show signs of wear and tear. For whom do those same bells of Heaven ring in the beautiful and permanent verse of a modern poet?—

"For tamed and shabby tigers
 And dancing dogs and bears,
 And wretched, blind pit ponies,
 And little hunted hares."

Many years ago an article appeared in THE NATION called "The Catfish," and a quotation from it—"The catfish is the demon of the deep and keeps things lively"—was used by Mr. Marriott upon the title-page of one of his novels. For the catfish was "the queer, unpleasant, disturbing touch of the Kingdom of Heaven." And in Mr. Clutton Brock's book this same "Kingdom of Heaven" seems to bear very nastily and obtrusively upon industry and politics. Those grassy pleasantries, remote in the pathless firmament, are seen, after all, to be an army of approaching spears. It is too bad, but that is better than being too good. Nine-tenths of us live such strenuous lives here and over very little worth doing that the notion of a Heaven where there is nothing to do will die hard. But it will die when we come to realize that a Heaven, however gorgeous in palaces, where there was nothing to do would be so boring that the elect might prefer to be laboring even in the mines and factories and among the furnaces of the other place.

* * *

It may be, however, that the pendulum will swing too far and that, for a bit, we are in for a kind of utilitarian Heaven. We are not very far from it now, when a correspondent to a newspaper can write of an albatross or a bird of paradise as a "wasted product," unless economically employed upon a woman's hat, and when we can starve the children of a whole nation, because we want to get money out of it, so that they become "wasted products" in very truth. These things and others like them are the trumpets which flatten Heaven's walls and leave a void more accusatory even than the material symbols and results of evil. For perhaps that very word "wasted products" is the key to a true thinking and finding of Heaven, whether in life or literature, in this world or any other. Thank Heaven for wasted products; for if they are let waste, if they are not exploited to our ends, and are regarded and understood for their own sakes and in their natural relations, two Heavens will appear, one in them and one in ourselves. It is no paradox to say that the utilitarian and decorative Heavens are one and the same thing, and that, if Heaven has any meaning for men, it is their task in this world to get rid of them both.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

ONE SIDE OF A DISCUSSION.

"Christ, St. Francis, and To-Day." By G. G. COULTON, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN venturing to discuss Mr. Coulton's book from a standpoint which is not his own (and probably not that of the majority of those who may read these lines), I should like, first, to pay tribute to the burning sincerity and intense earnestness with which he writes. He defines a Christian as "one who is trying to follow Christ," and his book is a passionate plea for the recognition of the modernist Christian, and even of the agnostic Christian, by their orthodox brother and the inclusion of all three in one common fold. Mr. Coulton himself feels the Christian attraction very strongly. He writes: "The belief in a crucified carpenter has taken more men out of themselves and farther out of themselves than any other belief of which we have cognizance." This, no doubt, is the root of the matter; this is what we want to have explained. Think of what happened; think of the extraordinary fortune among men which befell the associates of that same carpenter, themselves fishermen, mechanics, and the like. They parcelled out the regions; they ruled over the earth and its creatures; they annexed the lion and the eagle. Take the first Christian building that comes to mind, say, St. John's College, Cambridge. The Gilbert Scott Church which serves as the Chapel of the College is, of course, modern Gothic; it is conventional, frigid, imitative, what you will, but the point is it altogether belongs to St. John. You see him at all possible points of his story, at the Wedding at Cana, at the Last Supper, before the Latin Gate, at Ephesus. The whole college belongs to Saint John; its weather-cock is an eagle. (I never remember seeing an eagle as a vane anywhere else, by the way. At Camelford there is a camel; St. Nicholas's vanes are often ships; but here there is his proper symbol, "*che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola.*") What gave these obscure people, the Apostles, their hold on the imagination of mankind?

I see that a reviewer of Mr. Coulton's book writes of "the two great religious movements, primitive Christianity and primitive Franciscanism." But the two things are in no way parallel. They differ, not in degree but in kind. The Franciscan movement was altogether derivative, secondary; the Franciscans believed that there was nothing in St. Francis that was not a reflection or participation of what was in Christ. The story of the Stigmata illustrates this. "*Signasti, Domine, servum tuum, Franciscum,*" runs the versicle and response of the Franciscan Stations, "*signis Redemptionis nostræ.*" The real cleavage of opinion seems to be between those who regard Christianity as one of many "movements" and those who look upon it as something unique. If our Lord, like everything else in the world, was simply the product of what had been in the world before Him, then there is no more to be said. Out of the indifference of Nature, which is all we know, there has come no answer to the cries and the speculations of men. But if there has been an interruption, a break in the chain of sequence, something coming from the outside, here is something as miraculous as the Miraculous Birth.

Perhaps one might put the difference between Mr. Coulton's various classes of Christians by saying that they may be divided into those who look upon "the secret of Jesus" (to use the well-worn phrase) as being His teaching, and those who look upon it as being Himself. In present-day journalism especially one finds very little intellectual apprehension (I do not mean agreement, but mere understanding) of the latter point of view. I read recently, for instance (I forget in what context, but it was some question of two things utterly dissimilar) that "there is as much connection between them as there is between the secret of Jesus and the Holy House of Loretto." Well, if the secret of Jesus is merely an ethical teaching, the two things may well seem as far apart as the Poles, but if, as He is reported to have said, He came "to draw all men" not to a teaching, but to Himself, the connection is at once apparent. People wanted to see the things that He saw, to touch the things that He touched, to be near what He had been near—one need not go to love poetry or ordinary human experience to

labor the point—and the urgent and uncritical demand created the legendary supply.

Mr. Coulton's desire is that the Church should no longer insist upon miracles, even upon the supreme miracle of the Empty Tomb, as a condition of membership. A large part of his book is devoted to destructive criticism of what is known as the "Catholic" view of the Church and the Sacraments as this is held by Anglicans and Roman Catholics, but on his own showing this is quite a secondary matter. The real stumbling block to the mind of the present day is the miraculous. He writes:—

"The Church, let us say, will do what she can, tentatively and hypothetically, to waive those claims which have gone so far to lose her the hearts of the poor. What, then, we may ask is the weight which most impedes her race at present? Some may answer *sacerdotalism*; but this can hardly be; if you followed the reports of the Wesleyan Conference in the daily papers you will have noted that the language there was as frankly pessimistic as in the Archbishop's report. I am afraid we must go deeper still. What most separates the Churchman inside from the man in the street outside is the current ecclesiastical conception of physical miracle. The multitude is slipping away from the Wesleyan, as well as from the Anglican and the Catholic. You may test this for yourselves; in every serious religious discussion the argument will soon settle down to the question of miracles."

Now I wish to write of Mr. Coulton with the utmost respect, but one must surely have a very academic mind seriously to contend that the Church's insistence upon the miracle of the Resurrection has "lost her the hearts of the poor." Speaking of the country poor, at any rate, I admit that they are apathetic, I think increasingly so; but that they are not hostile, that they look, at any rate, with a kindly toleration on the presence of the Church in their midst is owing to the fact that at the bottom of their hearts they believe that "He rose again the third day from the dead." Every clergyman in town or country knows that one of the few things that are quite unfailing in their popular appeal is that hymn "On the Resurrection Morning," with all the sentiments and associations connected with it. You come across the Resurrection as a living belief in unexpected places. My own very strong impression is that if "the people" once came to think that the story of Easter Day was not literally true they would have no further use for the Church whatever.

The fact is that Mr. Coulton's whole outlook is academic. Academic minds are interested in religion; they are interested in Christianity even after (which is, of course, not Mr. Coulton's case) they have ceased in any sense to believe it. Mr. Coulton himself studies the reports, not only of the Church Congress but, as we have seen, of the Wesleyan Conference; he loves going to church and attends it faithfully, though week after week he finds himself in extreme disagreement with what he hears there. He says in a pathetic passage:—

"We sit in silence Sunday after Sunday while the priest preaches in Christ's name doctrines which seem to us essentially those which He came to sweep away 1,900 years ago. We listen in silence and can only watch the Crucifix over the pulpit and wonder what Christ would say if He came to earth again."

Many dons, agnostic or rationalist, are sons of country rectories; they never forget the fragrance of the old paternal fields; they hear all their lives the church-bells of their home. But the great mass of men, those "men in the street," "men from the trenches," of whom we hear so much, have not these associations and memories of rectory gardens, choir schools, college chapels, and the like. Frankly, they have no interest in theology. The natural man does not like going to church. While Mr. Coulton is pondering the reports of the Wesleyan Conference he is studying Mr. Bottomley and the "Pink 'Un." The suppression of miracles which would enable Mr. Coulton to attend church more comfortably would, I fear, offer no additional attraction to the man in the train. At the same time I believe he has no objection to and sees no difficulty in the acceptance of Our Lord as a super-natural Person. What religious feeling he has is a vague emotion altogether derived from and founded upon this. He, too, has sentimental associations, "what the children learn at the school," Christmas carols, the hymns rendered by the gramophone on Sunday nights. My own feeling is that as far as the great mass of the people is concerned the dislike of miracles is greatly

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overrated. Among intelligent working men there are many Secularists of course, but they are Secularists outright. The attenuated, academic Christianity has no attraction for them, indeed is not intelligible to them. This, I imagine, will always be the attitude of unsophisticated people. The most unsophisticated, the least academic of mortals, are perhaps men of genius. Mr. Thomas Hardy as an agnostic, we know; we can imagine him as a believer in the old-fashioned sense, but hardly as a modernist. In provincial England the leaders of the local Labor movements are often keen members of Methodist or Baptist chapels, and, latterly, sometimes devout Churchmen.

Mr. Coulton quotes Dante as saying in the twenty-fourth canto of the "Paradiso" and at the hundred and sixth verse that "if the world turned to Christianity without miracles that one miracle was so great that of it all others are but the hundredth part." Yes, but what it turned to, what it believed in, was the miracle of the Resurrection. Mr. Coulton thinks that this did not happen, but yet that "Christ is glorious and immortal—a Spiritual King for ever and ever." Yet—here I am sure the working men agree with me—if it did not happen, in such a world as we know, a world of the history of which the last four years are a sample, what possible proof have we of this? The Death on the Cross was not a Victory but a Defeat, just such a defeat of justice and humanity as the so-called "Peace" imposed at Paris. To believe anything else is to believe against reason, against the evidence of the senses. I have spoken of the Resurrection (and by implication of the Incarnation) because here is the heart of the matter. Among believers in these things all other differences are merely domestic disputes and difficulties which with time and patience may be got over. I think a "Catholic" may fairly argue that anyone who accepts *ex animo* an exact scientific statement of the Incarnation has already travelled a great part of the way with him. He has got at least as far as Ephesus.

It seems likely that, if not to the academic mind, at any rate to the awakened popular mind, the attitude of the great majority of the clergy towards the war and all matters connected with it will be a greater difficulty than any question of miracles or sacerdotalism. That attitude has too often seemed a callous and brutal Paganism. To say that the secret of Jesus is not His teaching but Himself is not to say that that teaching should be rejected with insult and contempt. But by many of the clergy this is what has been done. They have bidden men speak of the Teacher with bated breath, and they have stood by consenting and applauding while those who have tried literally to carry out His precepts have been driven mad and tortured to death.

CURE DE CAMPAGNE.

A WOMAN POET.

"An Echo from the Spheres." Rescued from Oblivion by F. W. BAIN. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

ENGLISH readers owe much to Mr. Bain for his beautiful Indian tales and fantasies. They owe him another debt now for careful publication of his mother's poems, which she would not have published. They would owe him still more if he had written still less about them and had written nothing at all about various private antipathies of his own. It is easy to understand the adoration of such a son for such a mother. There is nothing to omit in his description of her, for it reveals a nature of singular beauty and attraction. His praise of these poems, too, would need no excuse, were their qualities not insisted upon and expounded with so violent an emphasis that, in spite of ourselves, we are driven to contradiction, or at best to only partial assent. The Wise Man, if we remember, once cried woe upon the man who praises his friend, "rising up early and praising him, for it shall be counted a curse unto him!" But, unhappily, the curse falls, not upon the man who praises, but upon the friend.

Far worse, however, as driving to irritated contradiction, is the intrusion of Mr. Bain's private antipathies. They may be right or wrong, but each would require a long essay to support it, and stated as they are, with flat dogmatism, they are insufferable. The passing sneers at Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, and the Rossettis—the sneers at all modern poets

in the lump—however irritating, may be said to have some connection with the poems. But what connection have such passages as the following, where, writing of his mother's father, Mr. Bain says:—

"I know little about him, save that my mother worshipped his memory; and one thing more, also very much in his favor: that in '46 could he but have got to London, he would have shot Sir Robert Peel, for offering up the old rural England that he loved to the Moloch of Manchester, Mammon, Middle-class, and Machinery, and by means as dishonest as the end was foul. But death had laid a hand on him; and the Arch Humbug was left unmolested to initiate that system of organized hypocrisy which has brought about the collapse of to-day, under which, in Church or State, no man could emerge, unless he were either a dishonest man or a fool."

In a similar spirit of unrestrained railing, Mr. Bain, adding a note to his mother's epigrammatic verses on Gladstone and Gordon, writes:—

"In our days an incompetent traitor isn't hanged: he is only degraded, branded as a Viscount. There are people, as Dostoyeffsky says, whom clean linen does not suit. The 'Age of Viscounts,' like the 'Age of Reptiles,' has a peculiar character all its own; when ninnies, incapable of patriotism pretend to be above it, and immolate their country on the altar of that whited sepulchre, a League of Nations; as if it were not clear as day, that to have a League of Nations you must first have nations to league! And how can a nation flourish on anti-national principles? It is only national suicide camouflaged in nauseous sentimental treacle; in whose vast Serbonian bog humanity will sink into degeneration unimaginable."

That sort of raving is but the common outburst of Anglo-Indian spleen. We can imagine it loudly applauded at a dinner given by the "Morning Post" in honor of Mr. Kipling or Mr. Bottomley. For ourselves, we only notice that in such passages Mr. Bain's style, usually careful almost to preciosity, becomes wretched almost to outrage, and we wonder what such vulgarity is doing here.

The frontispiece shows a woman's face of chastened and uncommon loveliness. It is from a photograph of 1855, and the dress shows the Victorian fashion of bonnet and shawl. But the face itself strikingly recalls the Madonna of the smallish early Raphael—the Madonna and Child alone, called "Del Gran Duca." Sensitive gentleness pervades it, but a patient resolution, too, and deep capacity for love and sorrow. There is no sign of the humor which certainly lurked beneath. Both patient resolution and humor were needed to endure the entire absence of one kind of love and the full weight of external sorrows. Her marriage, says Mr. Bain, was a huge mistake. "She married the wrong man. My father ought never to have married anybody. He was atrophied on the side of the affections. He lived in isolation, buried, so to say, in the old crypts and tombs he was always sketching, whose occupants were far more familiar to him than his own family. As children, we all used to get out of his way; he had no use for us at all. And if love lay dying of starvation close beside him, he never noticed it." Gradually he faded away into complete imbecility. As a rule the poems, though strongly personal, are touched with the essential and universal emotion which dull and unimaginative poets forget when writing about themselves and their fortunes, friends or enemies, as they usually do. Yet once she wrote, with obvious intention:—

"He never knew
Where the sweet flower of true affection grew,
Nor gathered it, nor wore it on his breast,
Groping in ashes for long buried things,
Till his soul's angel spread reluctant wings,
As the sad bird forsakes the rifled nest."

Yet she had a large family of sons and daughters to bring up, and her husband's indifference to the present world gradually reduced them all from affluence to poverty, and from the country she loved to the detested town. One son afterwards "did well," and seems to have restored comfort at least. Mr. Bain, as all know, did fine service to Poona by his public work, and fine service for the world by his books. One daughter at least appears to have assisted wonderfully till she died. That was about all the life-history of the poet, as seen from the outside. But her inward life was full to overflowing of events, often beautiful, more often touched with sorrow as well, and sometimes humorous. Deeply religious by nature, she clung to a simple Christianity, chiefly as symbolized by the Virgin and Child. That divine symbol runs through much of her verse; as beautifully as

anywhere in the lines called "B.C. : A.D. (The First Christmas : The Last Pagan Year) :—

"All round him drift pale winter's waifs and strays;
Worn weary wayfarers, that crave release
From age and burdens, seeking rest and peace;
Pastureless flocks that beat about the ways,
Lost hopeless in those drear diminished days,
While love lies dormant in his house of clay,
And snow lies deep, and travellers do pray—
And as he stands, he listens, in amaze!
He, the Old Year, like planet in eclipse,
Ready to go—a cry his ear offends!
See, through that crevice there, a red ray slips;
And in he peeps, to see what it portends:
Lo! o'er a Babe, a Maiden Mother bends
With starlit eyes, her finger on her lips!"

On the same theme there is another more beautiful poem, called "In the Night." But that is too long to quote, as, in fact, most of the poems are. Some deal with flowers, some with children, many with country scenes (or with the abhorrent contrast of the city, as in the Wordsworthian poem called "In Town"), many with motherhood, one, a Browningsque, with the old maid ("One of the Old Guard"). Very few treat of love in the ordinary sense. Yet one of the best is a love poem, and that, too, is Browningsque:—

"Only a day left, only one!
What shall we do with it, you and I?
Love's sand hath but an hour to run—
What shall we give to him e'er he die?
Hoist the sail! and put out to sea?
One last kiss of the surge with thee!"

"Out and away on the dancing Deep!
Boat afloat, on the lazy Blue!
Dear, let us rock tired love to sleep;
Sing his lullaby, I and you.
Lullaby, Love dear! (nay! not so!
He mustn't wake any more, you know!)."

"Only an hour left, only one!
Furl the white wings that can beat no more,
The breeze has died with the setting sun.
Row, dear, *slow!* for the chill grey shore,
Love lies dead! it is *here* we part.
(*Not my hand! you have had my heart.*)"

That is a true and beautiful lyric. As Mr. Bain would say, it is not a failure, and it is not a sham. The emotion is genuine, and the expression fine. There are many beautiful—genuine and fine, and many we should like to quote. Where the expression fails (and it often just falls short) the failure arises from a weakness which Mr. Bain thinks a strength. He writes:—

"She was not of those poets who sit them down to 'make poetry': who, like the Rossettis for example (almost every line they wrote is *sham*) shut themselves up of afternoons, and cudgel their lean brains for sonnets. . . . Her poems are like the songs of a bird: they have in them something of the *Lied*: they are so simple, so sincere, so naive, so natural, so absolutely free from pose, affectation, artificiality, composition: therefore so pathetic or delightful—so true."

That is partly a just praise, but how often in reading these poems, even in the midst of admiration, we have wished that the poet had sometimes, or oftener, even shut herself up of afternoons and cudgelled her brains. A bird's song is all very well, but it is not the finest music. Even in some of the verses we have quoted one quickly detects easy-going, slipshod work, and the facile use of well-worn rhymes and phrases. One feels now and again the hand of the languid, untrained amateur, not remorseless, not bloodthirsty enough against herself. Even Mr. Bain admires Milton; Wordsworth, he tells us, was *her* poet. Does he think that Milton never cudgelled his brains, or that Wordsworth never shut himself up of an afternoon to write poetry, and labored hard to write it, too?

A PARABLE.

"Birds and the War." By HUGH S. GLADSTONE. (Skeffington. 5s. net.)

It is remarkable that a book which amounts to little more than a collection of newspaper cuttings, judiciously sifted and arranged, should yet prove to be so strange, original and moving a document. There have been many judgments upon war from human minds; the war itself has spoken upon its own hideousness far more vehemently than any

human mind can bear witness; but this unconscious accusing voice from the birds is more terrible than any other, because it is innocent and unconscious, and a reproach which spreads beyond all narrower views into the conduct of mankind itself. Let us see how. Mr. Gladstone's first chapter is called "Birds as Messengers" and deals with the very considerable services of carrier pigeons in the intelligence department. It is a subject more of pathos than interest, for all the talk about the "patriotism" of animals is a particularly offensive form of cant, and when Mr. Gladstone gives an account of a pigeon which died of its wounds, after successfully delivering a message, that it might have been awarded the V.C., all we feel inclined to say is—"How nice for the dead bird." In the circumstances, the Holy Spirit which descended in the likeness of a dove would have been better advised to have stayed in Heaven.

The chapters upon "Birds as Crop Protectors," on the other hand, are invaluable, not merely as a reflection upon their economic utility but our imbecility. The campaign of the "Daily Mail" and its obsequious steward, the Board of Agriculture, against our insectivorous birds, will be read in future years as a chapter in Guilliver's modern and more exciting travels. After the winter of 1916-17 had destroyed three-quarters of our resident birds, and the felling of woods and breaking up of pasture had multiplied the grub population, in stepped the journalist and the bureaucratic wiseacre with shouts of "kill and eat all the birds." Nature made the ironical comment of greatly increasing her sparrows. As a consequence, we were visited by the worst caterpillar and insect plagues within living memory, while America was protecting her birds by special emergency laws, and dedicating a fountain in Los Angeles to her "bird allies." Decent feeling could hardly be expected from the quarters responsible for the persecution—the Board, the farmers and the scarlet Press—but what was the possible motive? After long pondering, the only rational conclusion was that these institutions existed for the intensive cultivation of crop and fruit devouring insects. At the same time, singing birds began to appear in the "shops of Stupidity Street." The "Daily Mail" recommended gannets, cormorants, gulls, &c., as edible, numerous of the laws protecting rare species were abrogated, and eggs laid by any bird, wild or tame, were deemed proper for consumption. This outburst of folly, panic and greed has, of course, had disastrous consequences upon the bird life of this country. That may be the concern of none but cranks. But it is presumably the concern of every Englishman to note the growth of a deliberately fostered callousness and barbarism in his own countrymen. Whether we like or are indifferent to birds, we cannot read without shame the story of an old woman who had lost her only son in Mesopotamia being fined two guineas for feeding the birds with "the dirty bottom crusts she could not eat." It is good to read on that she informed the magistrate that she had fed the birds for seventy years and would continue to do so, law or no law. That is the Anglo-Saxon spirit out of which have come Milton and Blake and Shelley.

One of the tragedies of the war, says Mr. Gladstone, was that many caged birds were destroyed. We should prefer to have called it a blessing, if liberty remains any more than a word to us. It is sadder to learn of the vast numbers of gulls, razorbills, puffins, guillemots, scoters, mergansers, eiders, &c., killed by the crude oil floating on the surface of the sea. But by far the most interesting part of Mr. Gladstone's book relates to the birds at the front. To those who try to understand birds it is not a surprise that on the whole they remained entirely unconcerned at the murderous and deafening gunfire. On the contrary, they became more numerous in the battle areas. Thousands nested in No Man's Land; sixty varieties were found within two miles of Péronne in September, 1918. At the assault at dawn from Ypres in June, 1917, Mr. Perry Robinson describes the wonderful chorus of bird-song heard in the interval of the tremendous din, "as if each bird were struck with frenzy and were striving to shout down the guns." A brood of young nightingales was hatched on the lip of the first-line trench on the day of the heaviest Hooze bombardment; a sandmartin's nest, full of young, was found on the exposed side of a German trench after its capture; nightingales sang in the branches of a wood "reeking with mustard gas" during a barrage; a blackbird was found still sitting on its nest when everything round it had been blown to atoms; kestrels hovered during an anti-aircraft bombardment, and so on—a long catalogue of similar stories, wonderful beyond the power

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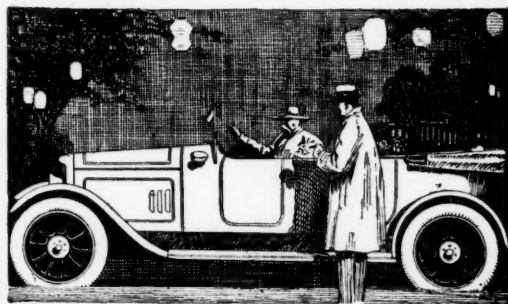
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of words. The reason was partly the extraordinary adaptability of birds to new conditions and partly their recognition that the guns were not fired at them. Indeed, as Mr. Gladstone says, they preferred the racket, since the rustics could no longer rob their homes and slay them as before. It was not they who were the objects of all this hate and carnage. The battlefields were their sanctuaries. What an exquisite comment this is upon our ways; what a moral lesson more potent, yet sweeter than Isaiah's curses! As an observer wrote about the nightingales' songs:—

"There was something infinitely sweet and sad about it, as if the countryside were singing gently to itself in the midst of all our noise and confusion and muddy work; so that you felt the nightingale's song was the only real thing which would remain when all the rest was long past and forgotten. It is such an old song too, handed on from nightingale to nightingale through the summer nights of so many innumerable years."

But perhaps the most striking parable for ourselves is the following story. When the Austrians invaded Venetia they—

"cut down the groves of hornbeam (skilfully planted and netted in such a way as to give no chance of escape to any autumnal migrant when once within the high green walls), liberated the decoy-birds, and razed to the ground the towers in which the 'sportsmen' were wont to conceal themselves from their unsuspecting prey. Italian 'sportsmen' are apt to kill any bird; her professional bird-catchers, in their decoys, take thousands of linnets and insectivorous birds as they enter the funnel of Italy on their annual emigration to Africa."

We have given the Italians the South Tyrol and the wonderful bird population of that region is now doomed to extinction. If these parables convert a few people to feeling kindlier towards our enemies and towards those winged messengers who gave the armies a glimpse of heaven in the midst of hell, Mr. Gladstone's admirable book will have done an incalculable service to men as well as birds. And we may add that he has incidentally done more—exposed the specious fiction that the gamekeeping and pheasant-preserving system is favorable to bird life. The absence of gamekeepers saw the arrival once more in this country of birds which have long ceased to be members of the British Avifauna.

ILLUSION AND DISILLUSION.

"Jinny the Carrier." By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. (Heinemann 7s. net.)

"The Education of a Philanderer." By S. P. B. MAIS (Grant Richards. 7s. net.)

"Consequences." By E. M. DELAFIELD. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

If Time and Space are illusions, as the mystics say, and man is living like a mollusc coiled in a shell of his own creation, what is he to do when the shell hurts? In other words, how is he to get out of a bad dream?

What he usually does is to create an illusion of another kind from the material and one nearer to the heart's desire. This instinct seems to account for Mr. Zangwill's experiment in "Jinny the Carrier." In order to forget—or so one imagines—the sorry European nightmare of to-day, he has coiled himself into a dream-world as far removed as possible from the ghastliness of the international melting-pot. Essex is the place chosen, rural Essex of the peculiar sects which that county has produced so abundantly, and the time that Victorian age when the Crystal Palace was the marvel of the world, an earnest of peace among the nations and a proof of the heights reached by civilization. Not without ironic intent, this choice, in fact. And, like the drowning seaman in "The Bible in Spain," Mr. Zangwill can be seen sinking steadily ever deeper into a placid sea. Detail is piled on detail, everybody, great and small, is drawn in the round, the air is thick with local color and the situation is as elaborated as though we were following a twenty-four hour crisis, though the tale covers several years. Said Mr. Zangwill, "I will be English." And English he is with a vengeance; here is the romance of the road, the humor of travelling showmen, the pathos and absurdity of strange sects. It is an epic of English life when dialects were thick and courtships leisurely. There is a touch of Dickens in its fun, even of Richardson in its absorption in a female, as well as in its

surprising leisureliness. But Jinny's creator prefers active goodness to cloistered virtue, and Jinny herself would have been on capital terms with the Suffragettes. The quaint and crusted characters are well drawn, the scenes full of telling hits, yet one wearies of the tale before the end. The mind demands variety of subject in a tale so long as this. It wants to touch all the strings of life, something heart-wringing at one moment, something pathetic or idyllic the next. But "Jinny" is a monochrome all through: it is gently humorous, and before we have travelled very far through its 588 closely-printed pages we realize that it is actually artificial, a dancing on the tight-rope of the fancy. There is even a little resentment in the feeling.


The two other novels in the batch form an extraordinary contrast to "Jinny the Carrier," for the effect of both "The Education of a Philanderer" and of "Consequences" is to strip off our last illusion, if we ever had any, on the subject of modern education. Miss Delafield is concerned with the tragedy of a girl's life, and Mr. Mais with the burlesque of a boy's mistakes, but both writers are exceedingly careful observers and sincere to the point of cruelty. Their witness, then, to the failure of the educational system, or no system, is worth heeding. Mr. Mais, speaking from within the school world, acts as a commentator on Mr. Wells's diatribes against the results of education. We get, in "The Education of a Philanderer," glimpses of how it is not done, of why schoolmasters do not succeed in giving their boys any intellectual interests or any principles of guidance in practical affairs. This "philanderer" never learnt even to read accurately because he never met anyone to whom accurate reading was a passion; neither has he any inkling of how to guide his passions or manage his brains. His teachers have never been fully equipped men. The one bit of honest knowledge he has acquired is of how to train his body to win at games. And so he runs after every pretty woman like a boy after sweet cakes. But on this point Mr. Mais is wrong; the philanderer is no more "educated" on the last page than he was on the first. He only knows that too many lollipops make one sick, and that is a matter, not of schoolroom learning, but of nursery manners. There is one teacher in the book who is a torn inspirer, but because of his originality he is the butt and terror of the school. Mr. Mais is convinced, that is to say, that teaching is a hopeless profession for a man of intelligence because, even if he escapes bodily starvation, he will certainly become stagnant in brain from association with colleagues who are teachers because they have never had energy enough to make good in any other profession. Obviously, too, Mr. Mais knows what he is talking about, and everywhere—in the preparatory school, the fifth-rate boarding house, and the public school—the verdict is one of miserly poverty, of timid morality, and intellectual incapacity. No moral is offered, because Mr. Mais is an artist, but the reader sees one: it is that until we have evolved some coherent idea of the purpose of human existence, some actual appreciation of the things of the mind, as distinct from the gospel of getting on, we had better close our schools and colleges. And this simply as a matter of honesty.

If in "The Education of a Philanderer" we ask questions about the social state, in "Consequences" we are faced by something much more disturbing. For Ibsen's indictment of the structure of social life is not nearly so damning as Hardy's arraignment of Nature itself. Hedda Gabler was a decadent, but since civilization reared her, so civilization being changed would rear something better. But Hardy's women are lures straight from the mint of Nature, and with her we cannot play. In the same way Alex in "Consequences" is a thing crooked and painful, not one of civilization's mistakes, but something born wrong. Yet, even here, wisdom in dealing with character might have saved mountains of suffering. And the wisdom is always lacking because we are still in education no better than savages. Alex, daughter of Society people, has only one career open to her—that of winning a place in life by her personal attractiveness. First, she must get a man who can support her, and second, the prestige only to be won by somebody who is a social success. But she is born without the power of charming: love, jealousy, devotion, even interest, she can never win. In nursery, ballroom, and nunnery the poor creature is always being asked to gain from others what no one ever desires to give her. And that

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she might do useful work no single soul ever imagines: she is outside the region of such ideas. As a nun, she learns nothing of that prayerful upholding of the world for which nuns exist, as a *débutante*, she is engaged, but never wins one flicker of love or tenderness. The ruthless truth-telling of this simple tale makes one almost inclined to use the word "genius." "Consequences" is bitter, poignant, more heart-searching than Mr. Mais's work, but because of its power it will not gain so many readers. It cuts deep, reaching the quick of woman's life. As one reads, one rejoices that girls have careers now—sometimes—and that their dance invitations run "Miss X. and partner," with a free choice of that same partner. Better lollipops and consequent sickness than the torture of a mind driven ever inward on itself. But until we learn to apply our psychology these tragedies of folly and misery must be the penalty paid for educational incompetence.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Guilds in the Middle Ages." By GEORGES RENARD. Edited, with an Introduction, by G. D. H. COLE. (Bell. 2s. 6d.)

THIS translation of Miss Dorothy Terry of a study of the mediæval guilds by a French scholar, who presents his history without bias, either in favor of or against the theories of Guild Socialism, is an important addition to the literature of a subject which is attracting to an increasing extent the attention of students of economics. M. Renard is the first to attempt a history of the system as a whole. Both the faults and the merits of the guilds are made clear in this exposition of their origin and geographical distribution, their administration and aims and methods. In the last three chapters M. Renard examines the internal weaknesses that led to decay and the external forces that at last suppressed the guilds. The dissolvent elements within them were a lack of solidarity between those who formed the hierarchy of the guild, divisions between the different craft guilds, and vexatious regulations which prevented economic initiative. But before they passed away they achieved greatness and touched social life with a quality of splendor it has never known under capitalist supremacy.

"Truth." By SIR CHARLES WALSTON. (Cambridge University Press. 5s.)

SIR CHARLES WALSTON pleads eloquently for the establishment and safeguarding of Truth. No one in the wide world is likely to quarrel with his purpose openly, yet we fear his audience will be small. He finds the "efficient cause" of the war in defective moral standards and moral education; therefore, "moral reconstruction" is at least as urgently needed as are industrial and financial readjustments. Higher standards of truthfulness are needed, individually, nationally, internationally. A codification of ethics for our daily life has already been outlined by Sir Charles Walston in a previous work, to which there are abundant references. Truth has been endangered by three forces, which Sir Charles identifies with the politician, the millionaire, and the journalist. We must have higher ideals in politics, in the use of wealth, and in the newspapers. A reference to "Pacifist Inopportunism" seems to indicate that there are times when even Sir Charles Walston regards truth as inexpedient. Discussing the "general importance" of public veracity, he opines that his maxims are "so fundamental and self-evident that they inevitably sound like platitudes." This also is truth.

"With British Guns in Italy." By HUGH DALTON. (Methuen. 8s. 6d.)

"ITALY, heroic and constant, had endured to the end, and with her last great gesture had both completed her own freedom, and given their freedom to those who had been the instruments of her enemies." By the "last great gesture" Mr. Dalton means the battle of Vittorio Veneto, not the scramble at Versailles. Mr. Dalton's simple nature is incapable of irony. He has written his book in the interests of Anglo-Italian amity, which he thinks is stronger because of the war, and he believes that men have died so there

shall be no more war. It has been said before, and Mr. Dalton has no fresh way of expressing faded sentiments. He would have done better had he been briefer and confined himself to describing the British share in the war on the Italian front. The author served for eighteen months with a British battery and took part in many dramatic struggles. He writes of the Italian offensive on the Carso, the defeat of our Allies at Caporetto, and the final destruction of the Austrian Army. As no other book has been written by a British soldier describing these battles, Mr. Dalton's has that amount of value.

The Week in the City.

THE City has naturally been depressed by the labor turmoil. The rise in the price of coal spells disaster to our export trade, and makes the future of most of our industrial shares exceedingly doubtful. Yet a successful manufacturer in conversation with me on Wednesday was inclined to be optimistic upon this subject. He said that the doubling of the values of all plant and machinery, and the enormous cost of new buildings, makes the position of the ordinary shareholder much stronger, because it confers a sort of monopoly on existing undertakings. According to his experience there is no difficulty about raising fresh capital at about 6 per cent. for well-established companies. A lot of money seems to have been earned and saved. But there is little disposition to lend it to the Government. People said in the provinces when the new Loan came along, "What is the use of pouring our money down a sink?" The moral is that the Government must set an example in economy if it wishes to get the public finances into order. But of this there is no sign at present. In spite of the Loan the unfunded debt is still prodigiously and dangerously large. Inflation continues. The Government is still borrowing for its foreign wars and expeditions. The whole gilt-edged list is depressed. The American Exchange is demoralized, and home prices continue to rise. Altogether the outlook gets worse instead of improving, as it should have done if a real and complete peace with the appropriate economies had been secured. Embargoes and restrictions of all kinds, both upon commodities and capital, are aggravating the difficulties of our foreign and colonial trade.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

The report of the Hudson's Bay Company, referring to the year ended May 31st last, shows that while there was a considerable decline in the receipts in the land department, there was an increase of over £96,000 in fur and trading profits, total net profits working out at £668,500, or £15,300 less than in the previous year. The following table summarizes results for the past six years:—

	1913-14	1914-15	1915-16	1916-17	1917-18	1918-19
Net Land Receipts	£297,300	£2,700	£24,600	£140,800	£367,800	£262,100
Fur and Trading Profits	£66,600	£30,600	£266,700	£279,700	£316,000	£406,400
Total Net Profits	£363,900	£33,300	£291,300	£420,500	£683,800	£668,500
Ordinary Dividends	400,000 (40%)	nil	200,000 (20%)	300,000 (30%)	400,000 (40%)	450,000 (45%)

Despite the decline in profits the dividend on the Ordinary shares is raised from 40 to 45 per cent., the Directors reporting a steady improvement in the store business, although revenue from liquor sales has ceased. Sales of farm lands for the year ended March 31st, 1919, comprise 285,561 acres for £1,023,072, an average of £3 11s. 8d. per acre, compared with 386,373 acres for £1,419,964, an average of £3 13s. 6d. for the preceding year. Sales of town lots amounted to £1,673, compared with £1,061. The company has now in hand 3,253,198 acres of land. The balance sheet shows that sundry creditors increased by £981,900, while debtors were £397,600 higher. Investments increased by £281,000 to £1,196,300.

ARGENTINE RAILWAY TRAFFICS.

Although the reports of the four principal railways operating in Argentina will not be published until the autumn, the traffic returns for the year ended June 30th have now all appeared, and show the following results in comparison with those of the previous year:—

	Gross Receipts.	Incr.	Net Receipts.	Incr. or Decr.
	£	£	£	£
B. A. and Pacific	8,215,000	+ 994,000	?	?
B. A. Great Southern	7,590,000	+ 1,474,000	1,610,000	+ 321,000
B. A. Western	3,697,000	+ 832,000	948,000	+ 251,000
Central Argentine	6,917,700	+ 759,500	1,045,400	- 554,600

Substantial increases in gross takings are shown in each case, but the enormous expenditure which the Central Argentine has had to face has resulted in a heavy decline in net receipts. The Cordoba Central shows an increase of £611,050 in gross receipts, and Entre Rios an improvement of £202,300.

LUCELLUM.

MR. BIRCH CRISP ON TRADE REQUIREMENTS.

PRESIDING at the annual general meeting of the British Bank for Foreign Trade, on Monday last, Mr. C. Birch Crisp (Chairman), in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—

"The prolongation of the war diverted trade from old channels, and showed that Peace would reveal the need for new departures. The Continent of Europe is impoverished to an extent which cannot be calculated, and British Export Trade is lamentably disorganised.

Last May the British Government removed the ban upon the issue of capital by English companies for domestic purposes. But the issue of bonds or shares involving what was termed "the Export of Capital abroad," is still subject to control. I venture to think the restriction should be removed as soon as possible. Restriction upon the export of gold is one thing; the export of capital apart from gold can only take the form of shipments of goods, or by rendering services to foreigners or colonials. Until the London market is re-opened to foreign states a rise in our Export Returns is improbable. The creation of sterling credits in London will enable overseas merchants to buy our products. Consider for a moment the condition of the newly constituted States of Poland, Finland, and Serbia, or old States like Belgium and Roumania, whose requirements England desires in part to supply.

EXPORT TRADE HANDICAPPED.

Our manufacturers cannot ship to those countries except against payment in sterling or its equivalent. In pre-war days, shipments were largely financed by bankers and others, who granted acceptance credits which cannot now be given because there is no certainty that the foreign importer will find means to buy sterling with his own depreciated paper money.

An unexampled plethora of money and of spending confronts us in every part of Great Britain. The placing of foreign or colonial loans upon the London market, subject to a proviso that the proceeds or the bulk thereof should be applied to the purchase of goods in these islands would, to the extent that such loans were subscribed, reduce the temptation to spend money upon luxuries.

English investors would not hesitate to subscribe for bonds to be issued upon the security and good faith of nations on whose behalf this country has already sacrificed nearly a million lives, and incurred obligations which have swelled the National Debt to more than £8,000,000,000. As a result of the war and British Government buying during the last four years, many traders and individuals have accumulated large free credits at their bankers. Those credits are frequently drawn upon to pay for land, or other property at ever soaring prices. The boom in furniture, jewels and articles of luxury is unprecedented. The purchase of a foreign government bond might spell an order for a British manufacturer, and give a London or Manchester merchant a turn. No money would necessarily leave this country. It is unthinkable that the States I have named, and others in like circumstances, will not make good their obligations to lenders.

AMERICA'S ENERGETIC POLICY.

America is fully alive to the facts. The American and, I am glad to note, the Canadian also sees that a country which produces crops or goods beyond its own power of absorption should sell its surplus as against an acknowledgment of indebtedness, rather than lose an overseas customer who cannot pay cash down. The American capitalists are ready to take foreign bonds, thereby making dollar credits available to American manufacturers. The capitalist can risk temporary default upon a bond, but the manufacturer, who must pay cash for raw materials and wages and rent, cannot deal except on a cash basis.

I am told that Roumania possesses magnificent agricultural land. She lacks farm implements and seed for grain crops. Canada has a surplus of both. Without a loan nothing could be done to marry the possibilities. I am told that Canadian investors, or the Canadian Government, or both, provided a loan which set the machinery in motion.

If the British Government will but take a similar view of the needs of the situation, the industry and commerce of these islands will be greatly benefited.

Our situation is such that all proposals involving national expenditure should be scrutinised carefully. If labour be diverted to work not conducive to the production of goods for export, we shall be unable to pay interest upon the National Debt, or obtain from abroad those supplies, without which, the people cannot be fed.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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MINISTRY OF HEALTH.

Appointment of Women Assistant Inspectors.

The Ministry of Health invite applications for a few posts as Women Assistant Inspectors in the Insurance Department.

Candidates, who must be unmarried or widows and between the ages of 22 and 30 on September 1st, 1919, should either have passed an examination for a University Degree or have experience of paid social or administrative work.

The scale of salary for these appointments is £100, rising by annual increments of £10 to £300. In addition to this salary there is at present payable a war bonus of £40 a year plus the equivalent of 20 per cent. of the ordinary remuneration. Successful candidates will be allowed to enter the scale of salary at £5 above the minimum for each completed year of their age above 25.

Above the grade of Assistant Inspector there are superior posts with an annual salary of £300, rising by annual increments of £15 to £400, which are ordinarily filled by the promotion of Assistant Inspectors.

No person will be eligible for appointment who is not a natural-born British subject, and the child of natural-born British subjects.

Applications must be made on forms, which will be supplied in reply to a letter addressed to the Secretary, Ministry of Health, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, and marked on the envelope "Assistant Inspector."

No application will be considered unless it has been received on the prescribed form on or before the 15th day of August, 1919.

Selected candidates will be summoned to appear before a Selection Board in London, and those finally chosen will, unless they possess a University Degree (or the equivalent) have to pass a qualifying examination in English, arithmetic, and general knowledge, and will also be required to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners as to age, health, and character.

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